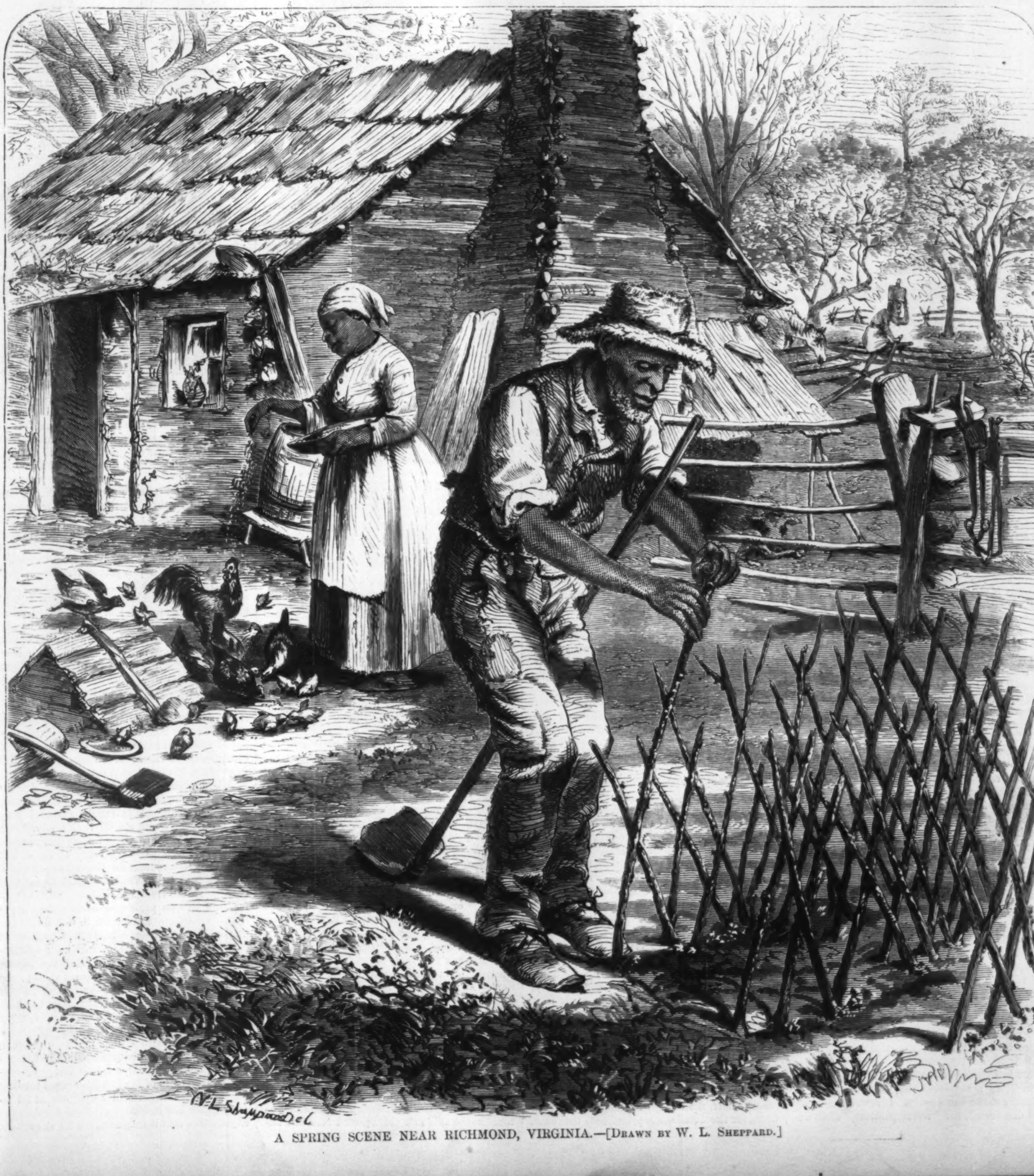
HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.
WITH THE DICKENS SUPPLEMENT.

VOL. XIV.—No. 699.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 21, 1870. [SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS.
$4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1870, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.

SWALLOWS' NESTS.

FOR several centuries the common swallow has disported itself in our crowded cities, and with its friendly masonry attached itself to our houses. The chimney swallow, still more familiar and audacious, often builds in the smoky shafts of our domiciles, or even in the noisiest factories, undisturbed by the din, or the fires, or the movement around them. Such habits must form a strong contrast with those of their predecessors in times long gone by. When our ancestors wandered untutored savages in the prehistoric times, or when, still later, they constructed lacustrine towns, or megalithic monuments, the habits of the birds can scarcely have been identical with those of to-day, for such human edifices afforded little security or shade. They must then have built among rocks. Nearly the same remarks apply to the storks, which have not remained stationary, but have preferred to their less commodious dwellings those offered to them by man. These changes in the industry or manners of birds are perhaps even more rapid than we might at first sight suppose; and notable improvements have been adopted by swallows in their modification during the first half of the present century. A distinguished French naturalist, having directed a number to be collected for the purpose of having drawings made from them, was astonished to find that they did not resemble those he had collected some forty years ago, and which were still preserved in the museum of Rouen. The swallows of the present generation have notably improved on the architecture of their forefathers, especially those still



A SPRING SCENE NEAR RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.—[DRAWN BY W. L. SHEPPARD.]

building in the arches and against the pillars of the churches. Some, however, still adhere to the old methods, or such nests may possibly have been old ones which have undergone reconstruction. In the streets, on the other hand, all the nests appeared to be constructed on the new method. And now for the differences observed. The old nests show, and all ancient writers describe, the nest of the house swallow as globular, or as forming a segment of a spheroid with a very small rounded opening, scarcely permitting the ingress and egress of the couple that inhabit it. The new nests, on the contrary, have the form of the quarter of a hollow semi-oval with very elongated poles, and the three sectional surfaces of which adhere to the walls of edifices throughout their whole extent, with the exception of the upper one, where the orifice of the nest is situated; and this is no longer a round hole, but a very long transverse fissure formed below by an excavation of the border of the section, and above by the wall of the building to which the nest is attached. This opening has a length of nine or ten centimetres, and a height of two centimetres. This new form affords more room for the inmates, and especially for the young, which are not so crowded, while they can put out their heads for a mouthful of fresh air, and their presence does not interfere with the entrance and exit of the parents. Lastly, the new form protects the inhabitants of the nest better than the old one from rain, cold, and foreign enemies.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
Saturday, May 21, 1870.

THE FOLLY OF POLITICAL DESPONDENCY.

POLITICAL events at Albany and at Washington, with reports of the venality of the Southern Legislatures, occasion a great deal of political despondency in the minds of certain persons, and the only remedy they can see is of the heroic kind. "There is no honesty, no honor, left in politics," they exclaim; "Republicans don't hesitate to make bargains with the most notoriously corrupt Democrats. Corruption, indeed, is universal; and there is nothing for it but to let things drive to destruction as swiftly as possible, and then we shall see daylight." But the policy of allowing things to become as bad as they can be, in the hope of thereby stimulating a resolution of reform, is not the wisest policy. The tendency of "things" in the bad direction needs no encouragement; and in abandoning them to their fate, or in hastening them downward, the most tremendous risks are incurred, by subjecting the public mind to total demoralization.

What, for instance, would have been gained in 1868, if the Democrats had been allowed, through the indifference of good men, to elect Mr. Seymour and Mr. Blair, with Mr. Wade Hampton as the chief Southern friend of the Administration, and Mr. Andrew Johnson's performances continued as its policy? The country has a great deal of corruption to encounter now; but in that event it would have been confronted with corruption and disaffection combined. Or what advantage would it have been to civilization if the anti-slavery reformers had said, forty years ago, that they would give slavery rope enough and let it hang itself? Is it not a little doubtful which would be now dangling, slavery or liberty? The only practicable and honorable method in a free government, conducted by parties, is to act with a party if you can, and if not, to protest against both parties in the interest of the country. But in both cases a man resists the "drifting" of affairs with all his power, and does what seems to him best to withstand a bad tendency. If he decides that his party can no longer be expected to benefit the country, he will withdraw from it; but he will hardly look on quietly and see the country imperiled as the forlorn hope of arousing a vigorous protest, and inspiring decisive action.

Undoubtedly party ties are just now somewhat relaxed in this country. The great political contest of the last generation has resulted in the complete triumph of one of the great parties. But there is no new party, nor is there any indication of a speedy dissolution of either the Republican or the Democratic organization. It is evident that for some time the political work of the country will be done by these two parties; and the practical, patriotic question, therefore, is, whether to act with one of them, or to withdraw, and, protesting against both, to begin the formation of a new party. For a Republican this is a very serious question, because his party is in power, and to desert it is to abandon the country to Democratic control. That this would be a serious disaster in every way can hardly be doubted.

We are just recovering from a terrible civil convulsion, the issues of which are in course of settlement according to the principles which have triumphed. It will not be questioned that the great mass of what are known as loyal men is to be found in the Republican party; nor will it be doubted that what is known as the more intelligent and moral part of the population is, as a rule—certainly not exclusively—friendly to the same party. On the other hand, the disaffected, the "irreconcilables," of all degrees, and the less intelligent, swell the ranks of the Democratic party. Corruption, despite the Honorable Mr. Peters, is, unhappily, to be found in both parties; but he would be more daring than well informed who should allege that the Democratic party is more honest than its opponent. Yet, because of corruption, ought a Republican, under these circumstances, to leave his party, or to remain in it and strive earnestly to purify it? Is the task so hopeless that the only wise course is to yield to the greater corruption of the Democracy?

If we look for the measures that ought now to be desired, we find that they are, in the first place, economical administration. Now, with all the alleged extravagance, the debt has been reduced nearly ninety-eight millions of dollars during the last year. Would the Democratic party probably have done better? In the second place, we ought to wish an honorable maintenance of peace with other nations. Has the party in power failed in this duty, and is there any reason to suppose that the foreign policy of a party which contains the Fenian and filibuster elements would have been more temperate and wise? In the third place, we have a right to demand greater efficiency and purity in the civil service. And does not every effort to that end proceed from the Republican party? Even if we take the most disheartening view, if we admit that under our present wretched system of patronage and the caucus, many of the unworthiest members of the party worm themselves into conspicuous positions, do the chief representatives of the Republican party compare disadvantageously with their opponents, and is there not always the saving consciousness of the general character of the party?

A wise man takes counsel, in political action, of his discretion, not of his disgust. If, in the conduct of our foreign affairs, a man sees only the appointment of General Sickles, and not that of Mr. Motley and Mr. Jay, and the continuance of Mr. Marsh and Mr. Bancroft—if, in internal affairs, he fixes his eye upon Mr. Bailey only, forgetting the host of honest officers—if, in reconstruction, he knows only some sly "carpet-bagger," and not the principles involved, nor the comparative pacification of a community so lately and so long fiercely convulsed—if, in this State, he contemplates only the Albany bargains, and not the tone and the nominations of the Judiciary Convention, for instance, he will easily believe that it is an era of political hopelessness. But does he think the campaign and election of 1868 show it? Does he think the *personnel* of this Administration shows it? Does he not think that the nomination of a technically "respectable" man like Mr. Hoffman by the Ring shows that even the Tammany managers recognize a moral sentiment, to which they must at least seem to defer? The golden age always seems to be in the past. We praise the good old times; but we run away from them. Lincoln will be as precious a name to the future as Washington; and the Fifteenth Amendment will be seen to be as great a step in human progress as the Declaration of Independence.

A GREAT REFORM POSTPONED.

We feared, from his long silence, that Mr. Jenckes was in despair, and that he would not again present his Civil Service bill. But we are glad to have been mistaken, and every friend of this most desirable reform is indebted to him for once more summoning its opponents to expose the weakness of their objections. The difficulty with the gentlemen who oppose is, that they can not urge the real reason of their hostility. They summon the spectre of a "privileged class" as a cry to defeat it; the truth being, that the bill is a blow at the privileged class of politicians. It virtually proposes to abolish patronage—the sole magic by which so many honorable gentlemen hold their places. That the civil service of the country is properly the spoils of victory is now a principle so established that to question it is to confuse the voter. That one man is as good as another he believes as an American. That, therefore, it is folly for the dominant party not to reward its supporters, he believes as a partisan. Consequently, every petty officer of the government, theoretically owing his place to his party, must pay a heavy tax out of his miserable salary for the party expenses, or be discharged. Every election is, therefore, not so much a question of political policy as of bread-and-butter to thousands and thousands of persons. What the result must be under such a system is easily imagined. What it is, is plainly seen.

Now the civil service reform proposes substantially this: that every person who wishes a government office shall undergo an examination of his general qualification and capacity, and that the appointments shall be made from those who are proved to be competent and fit. The details of any bill, of course, may be modified. Mr. Jenckes proposes to apply the principle to the officers appointed by the heads of departments. Mr. Schurz would include all of the Presidential appointments except the highest: the Cabinet, the Judges of the Supreme Court, the foreign Ministers, etc. But, whatever the details, the principle is the same.

It is objected that such a system can not ascertain business ability nor moral character. But certainly it will do more toward ascertaining them than a system of partisan appointment. No system is ideal, nor will obviate every objection. But if no man employs another to do any work without some inquiry into his capacity for it, it certainly can not be unwise in a state or a great political partnership to do the same thing.

It is objected that such a system is aristocratic, and removes the public service from the control of the people. But the people have tried their present system for forty years. They find that it is extravagant, corrupt, and nonsensical; that nothing does more to weaken the government and exasperate the chief peril of a republic, party spirit. It is therefore proposed that they try the old system, the system approved by experience and common-sense; and if that is equally unsatisfactory they can abolish it and try another. Is it an argument against the Presidency that the term is four years, and that during that time, except by impeachment, the office is beyond popular control? Suppose that the law makes the term of the civil offices eight years, as Senator Schurz proposes, what would such a law be but the expression of the popular conviction that the public welfare would be promoted by that change? Moreover, if it be a privilege that a man shall hold a minor office during a certain term, and while he is faithful and competent and honest, because every body else in the country has as sound a claim to it as he, the argument is equally applicable to the present system. Those who hold the offices for four years, or during an administration, are but a handful compared with those who want an office, and whose claims as citizens are just as strong. By a good civil service bill the country says merely that it wishes its routine business to be done in the most efficient and economical way. If a system of patronage is that way, very well. Let every politician take care of his supporters. But if official permanence founded in reason and experience, with ascertained ability and character, is a better way, the country would be very easily deluded if it feared that, in adopting it, it was establishing an aristocracy.

Nothing can be worse than our present system. Senators and Representatives, as Mr. Fessenden said, are chiefly office-brokers. Secretary Cox and his predecessor, Mr. Browning, declare that some reform is imperative. Senator Trumbull would make it an offense in a Senator to solicit office. Mr. Kelley would accept a renomination only upon the distinct understanding that he is not to be wholly given up to asking office. Mr. Schenck heartily agrees to "almost any form" in which Mr. Jenckes might put his bill. The bill was recommitted—that is, it is lost for the present. But Mr. Jenckes appeals, and justly, from the politicians to the people. The press is generally with him. Mr. Bingham pooh-pooh'd the press. But why should so experienced a public man do so foolish a thing? Mr. Bingham knows that the press influences public opinion much more directly and powerfully than Congress—and that public opinion is the American lawgiver. The civil service reform is really a fight between the politicians and the people. The politicians are very strong, and can do infinite mischief; but the people are stronger when they really move. We beg Mr. Jenckes to persevere. His action stimulates interest and discussion, and they are all that the friends of the reform need to secure their victory.

GENERAL JORDAN AND CUBA.

General Jordan has arrived from Cuba, and tells the most glowing tale of the richness and value of the island, and the invincible desire of the confident and hopeful inhabitants to be annexed to the United States—in order to avoid the fate of the South American republics. This is rather a dismal ending of the story. It is practically a confession that the inhabitants can not govern themselves; and what advantage to this country a large increase of that kind of population would be is not evident. The substance of General Jordan's statement is, that the Cuban insurrectionists are waging a desultory guerrilla warfare, which they prefer, but that they are virtually without arms and ammunition, which he hopes to find means to send from the United States. The General does not like the guerrilla method, which is endless; and he thinks that, with a nucleus of hardy and disciplined American soldiers, he could gather an efficient army, which, properly armed, would "drive the Spaniards into the sea in ninety days." He says distinctly that in Camaguey, which is the insurrectionary district and the seat of the republic, there is "a regular civil organization, including an efficient postal service and judiciary." He adds that the government is effectively organized in all its parts, "the civil power being, perhaps, invested with too much authority for the situation of the country."

But the implication of the General's account of the insurrection is, that it is a movement against an oppressive foreign government. Is that the fact? The old Spanish rule was undoubtedly tyrannical; but that rule has been thrown off in Spain, and there is no evidence that the new Spanish rule in Cuba would be harsh, nor that there would be any general wish to overthrow it. The denunciations of the insurrection are hurled at a régime in Spain which has ceased to exist. The new régime found itself confronted with opponents in arms, and has done what every other government under the same circumstances would do. The Cubans in arms owed to themselves, to Spain, and to the good opinion of mankind, which they invoke, to ascertain whether the Bourbon system in Cuba fell with the Bourbon monarchy in Spain. If it did, against what were they contending? And how could they ascertain while they persisted in war?

General Jordan will find that this is one of the chief reasons of the extreme apathy of the public mind in this country toward the situation in Cuba. Sympathy for suffering men, women, and children he will unquestionably find. But certainly he will have to try very hard before he discovers much faith in the revolution as the rising of an intolerably oppressed people against a cruel government. Yet had the movement in Cuba been stayed until it was evident that the new government in Spain designed to continue the Bourbon oppression, or that the "Volunteers" in Cuba truly represented the new Spanish spirit, and had then broken out in a way which showed that it was not a job for annexation, the island might by this time have been independent. The sympathy of this country would have been active, not passive. General Jordan is an American, and he ought to understand his own countrymen. If he finds that even the city of New York can not be roused to excitement upon this subject, let him rather reflect upon the reason than denounce the fact.

THE SPRING TRADE.

The trade of the country turns more upon the success of the planting and farming interest than upon any other, as the mass of those engaged in it, in the shape of owners, laborers, and families, constitutes six or seven tenths of the population of the United States. The country merchant is ordinarily here to make his spring purchases a little in advance of the period of tillage, so that he may be able to dispose of many of his goods in the interim after cold weather that precedes plowing and planting, for, when these duties commence, they are too engrossing to allow of cessation. The Southern merchant is earliest on the ground, and, as the season opens, each portion of the Union is in succession represented, until the extreme Northern line is reached. The soil is now being turned up in the coldest latitudes, and the active portion of the spring trade is very nearly at an end. On the shelves of our importing and jobbing houses winter cloths already appear, but this is to supply the establishments which make up clothing, who are the first to commence both spring and fall purchases, as their business involves the necessity of working their materials into a form convenient for use. The time, therefore, has arrived when a correct view of the spring trade may be taken.

It may be said of it that it has been prosecuted under very serious disadvantages, and generally at a loss. We stated at the opening of the season that our crops of cotton and food for consumption and export were large—sufficient to afford a prosperous trade—yet that in forcing down the price of gold the produce of the country would be carried with it, and cause extensive depression. The sensitiveness of the market to this influence is now generally admitted. Trade revived to a limited extent during the upward movement of gold, from 110⅜ to say 115, which is about its present rate, and relieved many who, during its decline, were marking down their goods in precise accordance with the fall in gold. As nearly every thing sold this season was produced or purchased at the high currency prices which prevailed when gold was at 132, the difference in rate constitutes the percentage of loss which merchants, farmers, and planters have suffered.

It is now generally believed that the circumstances do not exist, and will not soon occur, which will cause gold to recede, except, it may be, temporarily and slightly. No efforts are likely to be made by Congress, at this session, to improve the paper currency to an extent necessary to produce an important effect—a circumstance to be deplored—and hence it is that the spring trade has become tolerably active, and will be prolonged to an unusual period. One feature favorable to this result has marked the season—purchases have been made only to supply immediate wants both by merchants and their customers, and the former have been obliged to make frequent visits to the city, or send orders for supplies. An immense change has taken place in the views of those engaged in trade. Instead of depression, there is now much confidence.

But there are still serious matters to engage attention. The entire woolen industry, especially in cloths and carpets, is suffering severely. At the close of the last fall season the best ingrain carpets were sold by jobbers at $1 35 per yard. The January price was fixed in the expectation that it would remain for the season at $1 22½. They are now selling at $1 15. Low ingrains are now selling at 80 cents per yard, which is below the cost of production; and the consequence is, that those engaged in this industry are closing up work as fast as they can. Unless there shall be an advance in price, there will not be a sufficient supply to satisfy the wants of the country. A large number of carpet factories have already been closed, and particularly at Kensington, and hands-are thrown out of employment. Many mills which made cloths and cassimeres have also been compelled to stop work, with the same results. Those only go on which have large capitals, and expect ultimately to derive advantage from the inability of others to continue their production. When interests so important as these are crippled, no really active general and satisfactory trade can exist. Other manufactures in many sections have been more or less affected by the condition of affairs, but to a less serious extent than the woolen interest. A large hosiery establishment, whose manufactures three years ago reached seven hundred thousand dollars, and the next year about four, expects to limit its production this season to one hundred thousand, although it has capital and power sufficient to produce goods to the extent of a million in value in any one year. This must tell seriously upon our internal revenues, although, from the concurrence of extraordinary efforts at collection and of economy in public expenditure, the amount received for such revenues furnishes to the public no indication of our largely diminished industry.

The circumstances favorable to a revival in this respect, and of trade generally, are these: that Congress is not expected to produce further depression; that the cotton crop is expected to reach three million bales; that the price of what remains here can be controlled in this country; that we have tolerably large supplies of wheat; that its price has stiffened at London and Liverpool; and that our surplus of cotton and grain will be wanted abroad.

It is supposed that in California, from which State the English receive large supplies of grain—obtained there because it is flinty and dry, and suitable to mix with the grain of the moist climate of England—the season is unfavorable, and such is also the case in Great Britain. The grain dealers of London and Liverpool are therefore more active purchasers than they have been. Since January the consumption in England has been steadily gaining upon the large stock which had been accumulated at the beginning of the year, and there will undoubtedly be a necessity for taking a large portion of the surplus from this country. This will benefit the Northwest, which still holds a large amount of grain.

If it were not that our imports still continue to exceed our exports, and that we are still running heavily into debt to foreign people upon railroad securities, the position would be hopeful; but there seems to be no help for our imprudence except in the refusal of the other side to encourage it—a result greatly to be desired, and as to which, at some money centres in Europe, capitalists seem to be in action.

THE MASSACRE IN GREECE.

The recent massacre of English travelers, by brigands in Greece, has naturally produced a great excitement in England. A party of eight persons left Athens on the 11th of April, in two carriages, under the escort of four gens d'armes for Marathon. Upon their return in the afternoon the party was fired upon by brigands, two of the escort were killed, and the travelers were made prisoners. The ladies were sent to Athens, and the five gentlemen were allowed to send one of their number to negotiate in the city for a complete pardon, and a ransom of twenty-five thousand pounds. The money was easily raised, but the amnesty was not promised, for the Government could not endure the humiliation of yielding to the demands of the brigands. It dispatched troops in pursuit. The brigands retreating from the mountains toward the sea were unable to keep together, and, in revenge, murdered all their captives, except Lord Muncaster, who had carried on the negotiation.

The event exposes both the folly and the weakness of the Greek Government; and the London *Times* is of opinion that it will prove to be of great political importance. It is a matter in which Americans are not less concerned than the English, and it is absurd that the most interesting historic places in the world should be inaccessible to scholars and travelers, because of the imbecility of the local authorities in a country which is under the protection of three great powers. The *Times* remarks that nine millions of pounds were spent upon an expedition to Abyssinia to punish a much smaller provocation; and undoubtedly public opinion in England, which always resents an injury done to any traveling Englishman, will compel the Government to some decided action.

And apropos of injuries and insults, we hope that we have not heard the last of the indignity offered to the United States Consul in Santiago de Cuba. The United States man-of-war *Severn* went "to inquire." What did she ascertain? Are our consuls to be protected only by the English flag? Has the commander of the *Severn* received any explanation or apology from the Spanish authorities? And if not, why not?

Mrs. LINCOLN'S PENSION.

The Senate Committee on Pensions have decided that Mrs. Lincoln ought not to receive a pension. They have evidently examined the subject carefully, and their conclusions can not be fairly questioned. So long as it was generally supposed that Mrs. Lincoln was in straitened circumstances, the demand for a proper pension, and impatience at the delay in granting it, were but natural. Mr. Lincoln's services had been so great that there seemed to be something inexpressibly pitiful in hesitating and hitching about the allowance for his widow. But it now appears that there has been a general misunderstanding of the facts. Mrs. Lincoln has a fortune of about sixty thousand dollars, and it is to be presumed that any person can live becomingly upon the income of that sum. In her petition from Frankfort she states that she has been advised to try the mineral waters during the summer, and then to go to Italy. But she adds, "My financial means do not permit me to take advantage of the urgent advice given me, nor can I live in a style becoming the widow of the chief magistrate of a great nation, although I live as economically as I can."

Of course it is impossible to decide what style of living might be thought by Mrs. Lincoln becoming to her position. But with the best feeling for her, and with the very proper desire that she should not suffer from poverty, the Committee are of opinion that neither sentiment nor duty requires a further provision from the Treasury for her maintenance. It has been throughout a painful subject. Nothing could be more repugnant, we are very sure, to Senator Edmunds, the chairman of the Committee, and to the majority of the Senate, than to seem even to be reluctant to show any mark of respect for the great and good President. But they have no right to recommend generosity without justice, nor to establish a precedent which could very easily, and would very certainly, be disastrously abused. They have therefore honorably discharged a disagreeable duty in recommending the indefinite postponement of the bill.

THE FATE OF GOICOURIA.

We invite the attention of Mr. Woodward, of Pennsylvania, and the other gentlemen who are never weary of denouncing the malignant despotism of the United States Government in its treatment of rebels, to the brief dispatch which announced last Sunday that the Cuban General Goicouria arrived in Havana on the night of Friday, the 6th of May, under a strong guard; that he was instantly carried to the jail, where a court-martial was summoned without delay, which sentenced him to death; that at four o'clock on Saturday morning he was taken to the fort, and at eight o'clock was garroted. This is the usual manner in which conspicuous rebels have been every where treated when they were captured. But when we compare the character and extent of the rebellion in this country, and the conduct and provocation of its leaders, with those in Cuba or any where else, at any period of history, the action of the United States shines without parallel for clemency and wisdom. This Government is stained with the blood of no Derwentwater nor Goicouria. It has not even prosecuted rebel leaders incomparably more guilty than the Earl or the General. Its only vengeance against rebels has been securing equal rights to all citizens. And whoever denounces such a Government as malignant, ingeniously cruel, and wantonly unjust, only judges and condemns himself.

The folly of a ferocious policy will doubtless be made evident at once, by a feeling of sympathy for the cause in which General Goicouria has suffered. The political scaffold is always a mistake. It is a barricade fatal to those who erect it. The Cuban insurrection has not gained a very firm hold upon the real sympathy of this country; and if Goicouria, brought to Havana, had been merely sent out of the country again, even that slight hold would have been relaxed. At this moment one Spanish act of clemency would have been more effective than a great victory in the field. But the horror with which the account of the indecent haste of this execution is read will produce a reaction of feeling. What, it will be asked, was this man's crime? A life-long effort to free his native soil from the oppression of a foreign rule. Nothing more. And although what we have elsewhere said is still true, and it is not evident that the oppression would continue under the new order, yet it will be remembered that Goicouria's life had been given to fighting the old order, which was an indefensible tyranny. His fate may not change the issue of the revolution, but it will certainly check any sympathy for the Spaniards.

This tragedy also reminds us of the traditions, feelings, and policy of people whose incorporation with our own population some Americans earnestly desire and expect. The Cuban people are totally alien in race, in character, in customs, in political traditions and sentiments, in every thing that would promote homogeneity. The mutual hatred of the natives and "the Volunteers," or Spanish residents, may be conceived, but the advantage to this country of absorbing both can not be shown. And for us the melancholy fate of the Cuban soldier will not be without its uses if it recalls us from the greed of territory to a consciousness of some of the perils of promiscuous annexation.

THE RIGHTS OF PASSENGERS.

Last week we published the following paragraph.

> "About five months ago a man traveling on the New Jersey Railroad could not find his ticket when it was called for by the conductor. He asserted that he had bought one, but could not produce it, neither had he money enough to purchase another. The conductor told him he must get off of the car; and though in general in such a case a person is put off at the first station next reached, no such consideration was shown this poor man. The train was then nearing the Hackensack bridge, and, though it was dark, he was forced to leave the car at once. He had not walked half a dozen steps when he fell through the bridge into the river. Passengers testified that he shouted for help, but the train moved on, and he was seen no more in life. Last week his body was found by two fishermen. The inquest has not been held at the time of this writing, but it is said that the conductor has fled to parts unknown."

A few weeks since we called attention to the case of Mr. Coleman, who was violently thrown from a New Haven train at Stamford by the conductor and brakemen, and who was seriously and permanently injured. Mr. Coleman, fortunately, has had the public spirit to sue the Company.

Another recent case is that of a gentleman commuting upon the Montclair branch of the Morris and Essex road, in New Jersey. With his commutation ticket for the day he came as far as Newark, and took a later train of the same road, upon the same day, to proceed to Montclair. He offered his ticket, and the conductor refused it, and demanded payment of the fare. The gentleman demurred, and insisted upon his right to pass with the ticket. The conductor persisted, and, to avoid trouble, the gentleman, supported by the passengers, told the conductor he should have the money upon condition that he gave a receipt for it, adding that he should sue the Company, and wished the receipt as evidence of his payment of the fare. The conductor refused to give a receipt, and peremptorily demanded the fare. The gentleman declined to pay, under the circumstances, without a receipt. Thereupon the conductor telegraphed for orders, and, upon receiving them, renewed the demand for the fare, and snatched the money.

Of course the facts will be represented to the managers of the road; and should they be established, the managers, it is to be presumed, will remove the conductor. But that is not enough. This bullying and assaulting occurs continually. The gentleman chiefly interested generally submits, because he does not wish "to have a row;" and when it goes to the extremity of Mr. Coleman's case, or of this upon the Montclair branch, the other passengers are quiet for the same reason. It is quite time that there was some distinct understanding of the limits of a conductor's discretion. Is he to do exactly as he chooses, or have the passengers also some rights? If he and a passenger differ about the virtue of a ticket, is his interpretation to rule, even at the cost of maiming or killing the passenger by ejecting him?

The Morris and Essex Company issue twelve commutation tickets for the year to every commuter, one for each month; and such is the noble courtesy of the Company that it instructs its conductors to have no mercy upon the best-known commuters, and to insist upon full payment of the fare from gentlemen who pass daily over the road, and are entirely familiar to the conductors as commuters, if they chance to have left their tickets at home by changing a coat at the last moment, or from forgetfulness of the beginning of a new month. Several gentlemen upon one train were thus compelled to pay on the 1st of May because they had only their April tickets with them. It is by such little acts of consideration for passengers that a railroad becomes popular among those who depend upon it. And it is because this is the spirit of the Morris and Essex road, of which Mr. Samuel Sloan is President, that it enjoys so grateful a reputation among those who live along its line.

It is certainly surprising and shameful that, with the constant trouble arising from the powers assumed by conductors, there is not a precise statement of their actual authority placed in every car. And if the railroad companies plead that the law allows them to authorize a conductor to use violence upon a passenger who courteously differs upon such a point as that involved in the Montclair case, or in that of Mr. Coleman, it would not be difficult to procure a change of the law, unless the companies had bagged the Legislature; in which case—which seems to be rapidly approaching—nothing would remain but submission.

NOTES.

The *Nation* misapprehends what we said of the Libertine Press. The remedy that we suggested as practicable by editors is not abolition of the blackguard newspapers. We should as soon think of abolishing noxious disease. As we said, there will always be an immense public which will buy such papers. But there are a great many persons who buy them now, in spite of the blackguard tone. If papers were made spirited and interesting without this tone, that part of the public, at least, would be detached from the support of the Libertine Press, which would then depend upon its natural friends, the blackguards. That is all that can be done. And this is what we meant by drawing the line. Decent people would be entertained in a decent way, and "the blackguard journals would go to their own place and patrons."

The London *Saturday Review*, speaking of the fondness for "high-life scandal," reads the British public a scorching lecture upon its tuft-hunting, flunkeying, and lying. "In no other civilized country," it exclaims, "would the *Court Circular* or the *Morning Post* go down—that is, not under the same social conditions." Then, suddenly pricking its ears, it shouts, in the most laughably characteristic way, "Of course, things are worse in the United States." There is one satisfaction, at least, left for Mr. Podsnap.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

May 2.—In the Senate, a bill was passed for the relief of the widows and orphans of the officers and seamen lost in the *Oneida*.—In the House, a bill was passed granting a life annuity of $3000 to Mrs. Lincoln.

May 3.—In the Senate, the House bill making May 30—Decoration-day—a legal holiday, was referred to the Military Committee.—In the House, the Tariff bill was debated, and several sections disposed of.

May 4.—In the Senate, the House joint resolution was passed to pay the widow of the late General Rawlins a sum amounting to one year's salary of the Secretary of War. A bill was introduced to incorporate the International Society of the United States for the protection of immigration, and a memorial numerously signed was presented, protesting against granting subsidies for steamship lines.—In the House, the main business of the day was devoted to the Tariff debate.

May 5.—In the Senate, an unsuccessful effort was made to take up the Franking bill. A report was made proposing indefinite postponement of the bill for a pension to Mrs. Lincoln.—In the House, no business of public importance was transacted.

May 6.—In the Senate, a bill was introduced as a substitute for the House bill reducing the number of officers of the army.—The House was not in session.

GENERAL NEWS ITEMS.

The public debt statement for April shows that the reduction of the debt for the month is $11,697,793; the coin balance $115,525,000, including $33,840,000 in coin certificates; and the currency balance $6,954,000.

Professor Maillefert has closed his operations at Hell Gate. He has increased the depth of water on Shell Drake, Way's Reef, and Pot Rock by about five feet each; but, as surface blasting does no good except on an uneven surface, he can do no more.

The coinage at the branch mint in San Francisco during the month of April was $1,260,000 in double eagles, and $70,000 in silver. The coinage since January 1 is $6,025,000.

A few days ago two "prominent" citizens of Monticello, Kansas—Colonel A. Payne and M. C. Stapleton—undertook to settle a quarrel in a dark room, one armed with a revolver, and the other with a knife. The report of a pistol was soon heard, and, opening the door, one was found with his throat cut, and the other with a pistol-shot through the lungs.

On the 2d inst. the citizens of Helena, Montana, tried two prisoners, by lynch-law, for robbery and attempted murder. A committee of twenty-four was named to try the case; a verdict was found at 2 P.M., and at 5 P.M. the prisoners were executed by hanging them to a tree.

Our Indian difficulties appear to be on the increase. The War Department has ordered all available troops to the Plains to guard the Pacific Railroad. Advices from Fort Sully represent that the Cheyenne Agency has fallen into the hands of the Indians, with all the officers and men. The Indians have slaughtered large numbers of cattle belonging to the Agency, and left their carcasses to decay on the ground. On the 4th inst. a party of cavalry made an excursion from South Pass, Wyoming Territory, and in a skirmish killed several savages. The country is said to be alive with Arrapahoes. The Union Pacific Railroad track-repairers were attacked three times, on the 4th inst., between Potter and Antelope stations, Nebraska, and driven into Antelope.

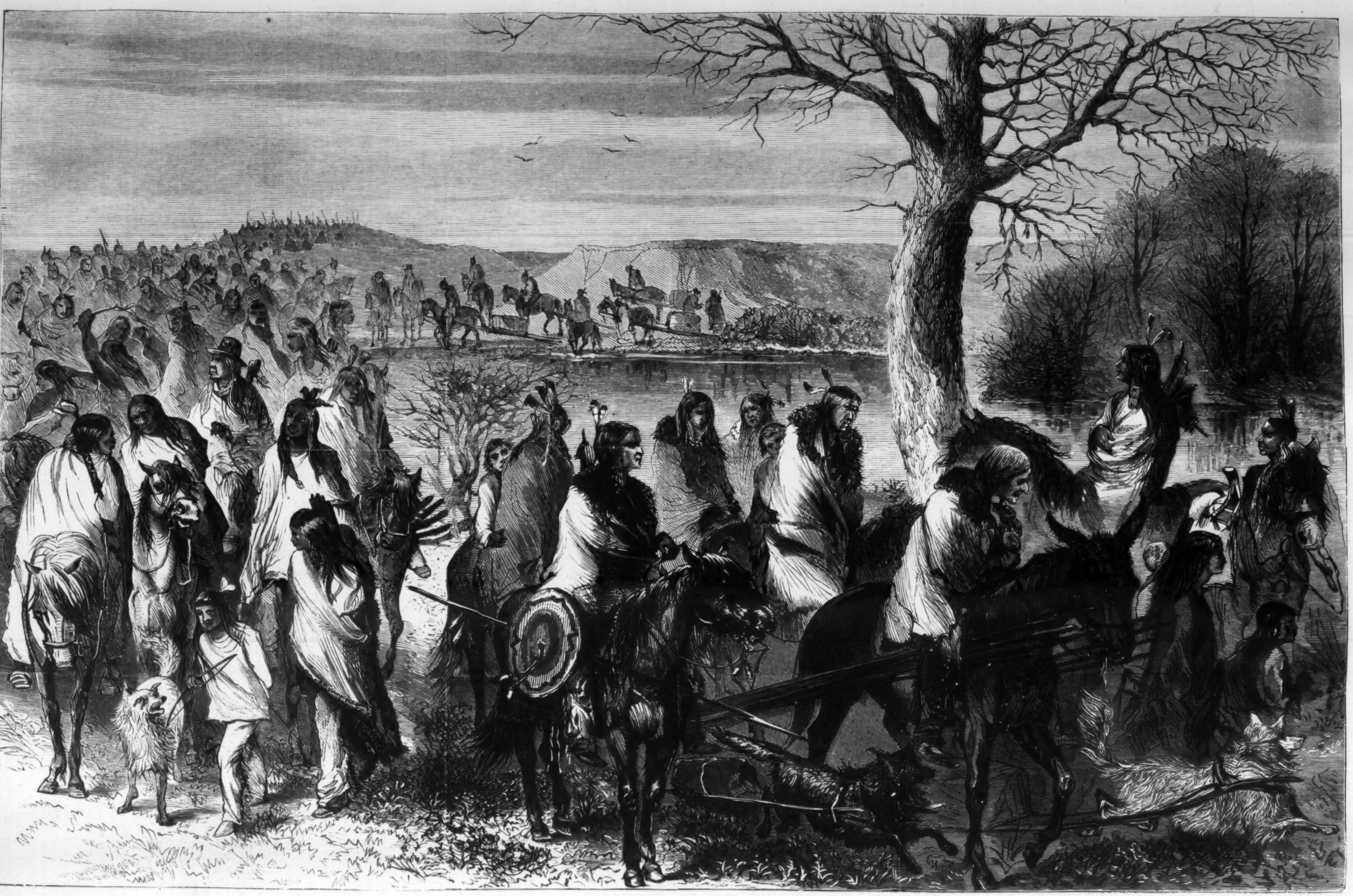
FOREIGN NEWS.

The vote in France on the *plebiscitum* took place on Sunday, May 8, and resulted in a large majority in favor of the measures proposed by the Emperor. The city of Paris voted against the Government. Disturbances had been apprehended; but, owing to the extraordinary precautions taken by the Government to preserve order, Paris remained quiet throughout the day. A strong force of police was posted at each voting station, and the military were in readiness to suppress any attempt at riot.

Arrests for complicity in the plot against the life of the Emperor continue to be made in Paris, but the whole matter is so involved in obscurity that the English journals persist in regarding it as an electioneering job, and predict that it will be quietly dropped as soon as the election is over, and the excitement subsides. On the other hand, a decree has been issued convening the High Court of Justice for the trial of the suspected conspirators. It is said that the "International Society of Workmen" is also connected with the plot, through a letter from its president advising united action in case of an outbreak. A report by the Procureur-Général accompanies the decree. It gives a history of the conspiracy against the Emperor, the confession of Beaury implicating Gustave Flourens, certain letters that passed between Flourens, Ballot, and Beaury, and the discovery of the bombs. A letter from "Gustave" to Beaury is printed, in which the writer acknowledges the receipt of three letters, and regrets they were not sent through Mr. Smalley, of the New York *Tribune*, in London, and speaks of a secret enterprise to be undertaken by Beaury. Mr. Smalley, who went to Paris immediately on the publication of this report, admits receiving letters for Flourens in London, but says he knew nothing of their contents nor of the conspiracy.

On the 4th inst. the bill removing the disabilities of women with regard to voting was passed to a second reading in the British House of Commons, after an animated debate. A petition for female suffrage, bearing 100,000 names, had just before been presented.

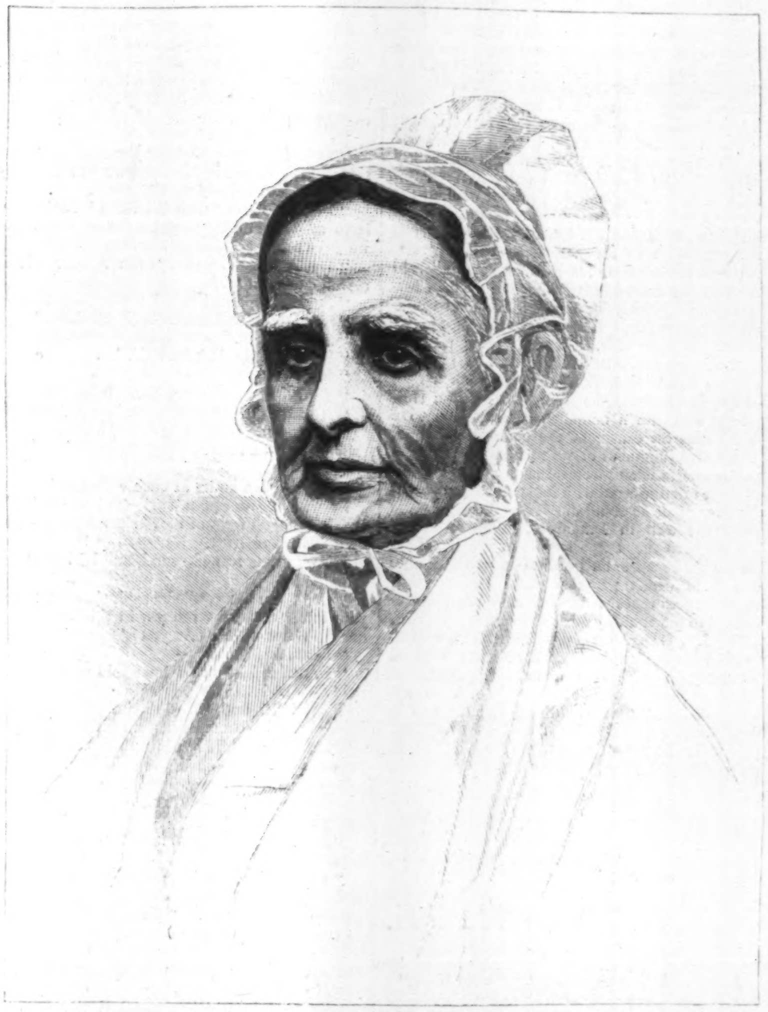
General Goicouria, a Cuban patriot well known in this country, was captured recently by the Spaniards and taken to Havana. He was immediately tried by court-martial, and sentenced to be garroted. At eight o'clock on the morning of May 7 he was executed. The General was calm and firm to the last.



POPULATION OF AN INDIAN VILLAGE MOVING.—Drawn by Theo. R. Davis.—[See Page 327.]

LUCRETIA MOTT.

Mrs. **Mott** is the daughter of **Thomas Coffin**, a Quaker of Nantucket; and upon that island she was born in 1793. In 1811 she married **James Mott**, of Philadelphia. Her Quaker education early turned her mind and heart to the question of slavery; and after the business reverses of her husband, following the war of 1812, Mrs. **Mott** taught school, and in 1818 became a preacher in the Society of Friends. Like **John Woolman**, she traveled and preached against slavery, even in some of the border slave States, and exhorted all Christian people to abstain from the use of products of slave labor. When the Friends, in 1827, separated into the Orthodox and Hicksite branches, Mrs. **Mott** adhered to what she believed to be the simpler and more Christian part. Naturally, when the abolition movement began under Mr. **Garrison**, she was fully ready. In 1833 she was among the founders of the American Anti-Slavery Society. And when Pennsylvania Hall was destroyed by the mob in Philadelphia, because of the abolition meetings, Mrs. **Mott** was present, sharing the peril and exhorting her friends steadily to bear their testimony whatever fate befell. In 1840 Mrs. **Mott** was sent as a delegate to the World's Convention in London; and, although refused a seat as a delegate, she was most courteously and hospitably received as a guest. Her interest in the cause was unflagging to the end. Always present at the annual meetings, she was one of the most impressive and delightful of the speakers. Indeed, the loftiness, the purity, the tranquillity of her mien and manner will be always memorable to those who have heard her. The precision peculiar to her society of believers is in her only elegant repose and a simplicity as lovely as it is severe. In 1848 Mrs. **Mott** was a leader in the first Woman's Rights Convention at Seneca Falls; and her active interest in the subject is unabated. She recently came from Philadelphia to New York to join in an endeavor to unite the two national societies; and had it been a mere matter of will upon the part of the representatives, she would have succeeded. Time seems not to have touched her intellectual vigor; and her clear and profound moral insight, the nobility of her nature, the inexpressible sweetness of her manner, the consecration of a spotless life to the welfare of the oppressed—a life showing that the most active interest and participation in the common interests of society may enhance the loveliest womanliness—all these inspire the most affectionate reverence for **Lucretia Mott**.



LUCRETIA MOTT.—[Photographed by F. Gutekunst, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.]

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

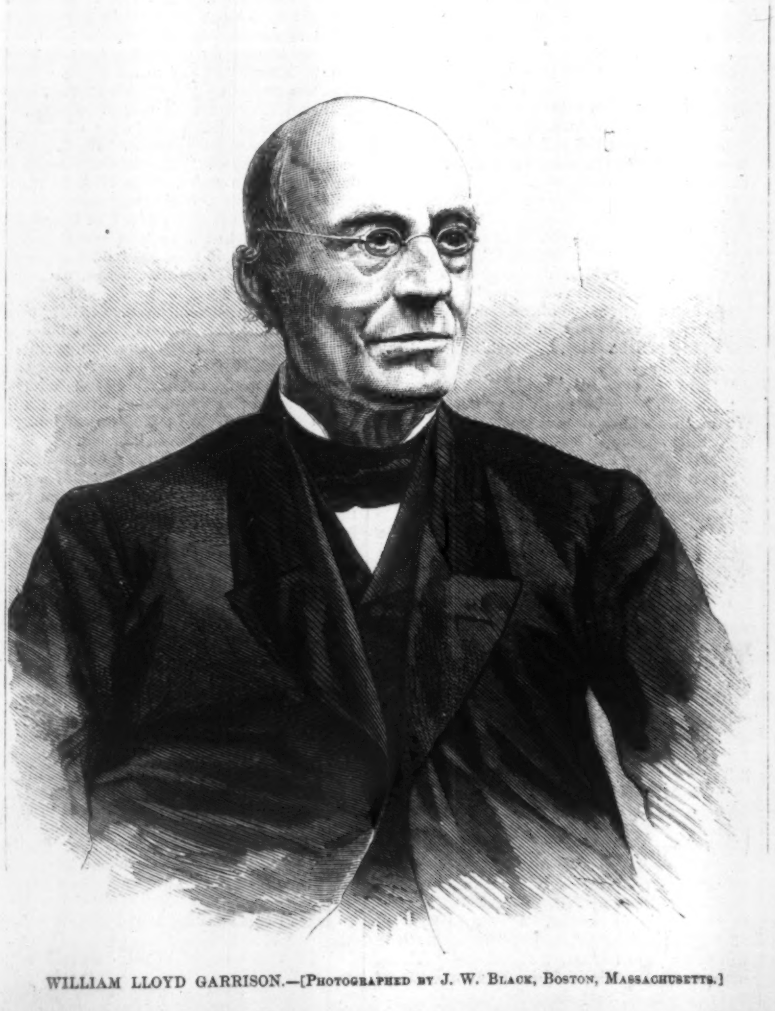
Mr. **Garrison** was born in Newburyport, Massachusetts, on the 12th of December, 1804. At the age of ten he was placed with a Quaker in Lynn, to learn the mystery of shoemaking, but soon returned to Newburyport, where he went to school and helped to support himself. When he was fourteen he was apprenticed to a cabinet-maker; but he did not like the business, and was soon after indentured to an editor in Newburyport, and so, to his great satisfaction, became a printer. When he was sixteen or seventeen he began to write upon subjects of public interest, sending his articles anonymously to his employer, and receiving from him thanks and requests to continue. He wrote also notable articles for other papers; and in 1826, when his apprenticeship ended, he began a paper of his own, which failed; and in the two following years was an editor in Boston, and Bennington in Vermont. In the latter town he aroused public opinion upon the subject of slavery; and in Boston he became acquainted with **Benjamin Lundy**, the editor of the *Genius of Universal Emancipation*, published in Baltimore.

On the 4th of July, 1829, Mr. **Garrison** delivered an oration in Park Street Church in Boston, in which he vigorously denounced slavery. In the autumn he went to Baltimore with Mr. **Lundy**, and, as joint editor of the *Emancipator*, he demanded immediate emancipation as the duty of the master and the right of the slave. Presently a Newburyport ship took a cargo of slaves from Baltimore to Louisiana. Mr. **Garrison** instantly denounced it as "domestic piracy," and declared that he would "cover thick with infamy" all who were engaged in the transaction. Baltimore, a chief seat of the domestic slave trade, hummed about his ears. He was convicted of "a gross and malicious libel" upon the captain of the ship and **Francis Todd** the owner, and was imprisoned for forty-nine days, until the fine and costs were paid by **Arthur Tappan**, of New York. **Henry Clay** had been appealed to, and was about to pay the fine, and **Daniel Webster** spoke kindly and hopefully to the young man upon his release.

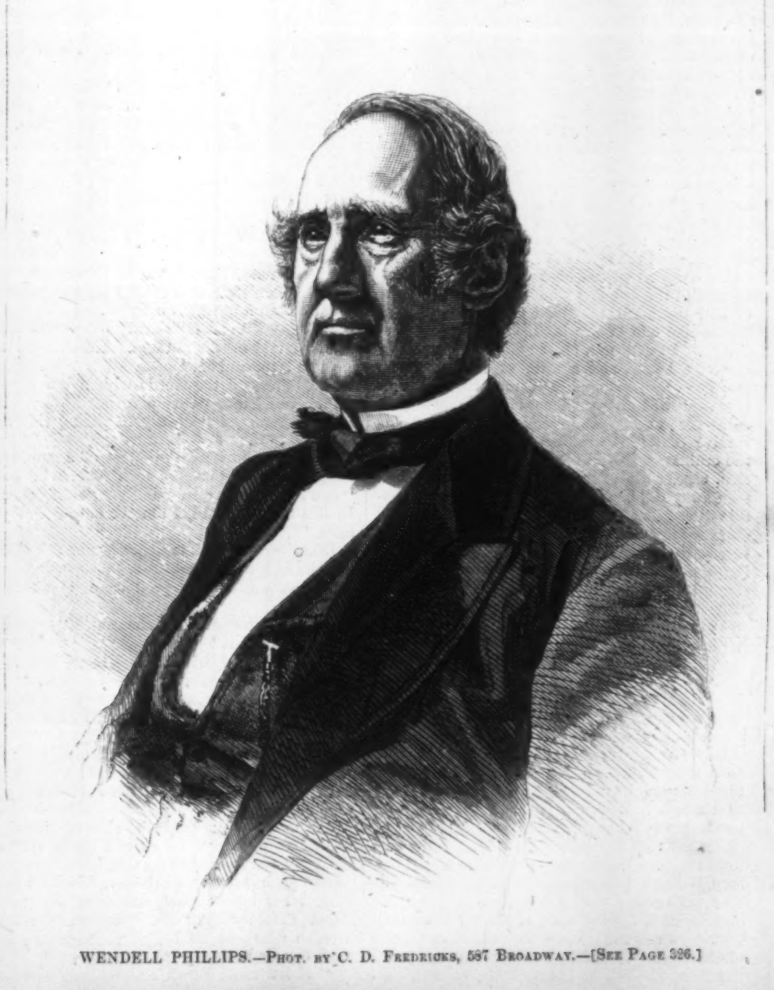
Mr. **Garrison** had now seen the great enemy Slavery face to face. He instantly issued proposals for an anti-slavery paper, and delivered lectures in various cities to raise the money. He saw that the anti-slavery attack must be made upon public opinion in the Northern States, and on the 1st of January, 1831, he issued in Boston the first number of the *Liberator*. Its motto was, "My country is the world: my countrymen are all mankind." Its first words, addressed to a country curiously dull and indifferent to the subject of slavery, were: "I am in earnest. I will not equivocate; I will not excuse; I will not retreat a single inch; and I will be heard." From that moment Mr. **Garrison**'s history is really that of the country. When these words were written, slavery was established in half the Union. Its power was supreme. Society, politics, trade, literature, the church, all the great interests, were subservient to it or silent. If it was felt to be horrible, it was acknowledged to be hopeless. But the young man of twenty-seven, alone, without capital, without promise of support, with nothing but his clear conscience, his unconquerable will, and his skill as a writer and printer to sustain him, closed in the deadly struggle with American slavery; and now, at the age of sixty-six, he sees it utterly swept away, and four millions of slaves freed and made equal citizens with himself.

The contest was as fierce as it was brief. Mr. **Garrison** kept his word. He did not retreat a single inch, and he was heard. From the first he demanded immediate and unconditional emancipation, and a party of persons of similar conviction and resolution arose around him. They were almost universally denounced as fanatics, mischief-makers, and traitors. They were hated and ridiculed, reviled and mobbed. A price was set upon Mr. **Garrison**'s head. The name Abolitionist—which should have been only another name for American—became the most odious of epithets. Yet Mr. **Garrison** waged only a moral warfare. He would not vote, because voting would be a recognition of the Constitution, which he held to be, by its fugitive slave provision, a bond of slavery. He disapproved appeals to force, as a Christian disciple; and he was one of the most earnest advocates of non-resistance. Moreover, he claimed for women an equal liberty of choice and action with men; and refused to sit in the "World's Anti-Slavery Convention," in England, in 1840, because female delegates were excluded. In the same year the American Anti-Slavery Society divided upon the question of the participation of women, and the part that favored it became, under the name of Garrisonian Abolitionists, the chief and aggressive wing. In 1843 Mr. **Garrison** was chosen President of the American Society, and held the office until the war ended and slavery was abolished.

During all this time his paper was published every week, and the pen and tongue of the editor were never idle. Mr. **Garrison**'s style, both as writer and speaker, was clear, trenchant, and precise. Upon the platform he was always calm and deliberate, giving the impression of entire



WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.—[Photographed by J. W. Black, Boston, Massachusetts.]



WENDELL PHILLIPS.—Phot. by C. D. Fredricks, 587 Broadway.—[See Page 326.]

self-possession, of thorough knowledge of his subject, and of indomitable will. His strongest phrases were not the rhetorical bursts of excitement, but the careful statement of matured conviction. If he called the American church the bulwark of American slavery, or the Constitution a compact with death and a league with hell, he meant exactly what he said, and was ready to justify his words.

When the public mind had been thoroughly aroused by the incessant agitation of the Abolitionists, and by the aggressions of the slavery influence in the government, the anti-slavery movement passed into politics. The annexation of Texas and the repeal of the Missouri Compromise produced the Republican party. But Mr. Garrison and the Abolitionists maintained their independence and their purely moral appeal, regarding the Republicans as men who saw the right but were timid in its pursuit. The Republicans, on their part, found all their argument and their array of facts already prepared for them by the Abolitionists. Indeed, between the latter and the advanced Republicans there was only a difference of method. Mr. Garrison always recognized the good purpose of the Republicans before the war, and when they proposed the great measures of the war and of reconstruction, they had no firmer friend and supporter than he. His late letter to the Union League Club, in New York, upon the ratification of the Fifteenth Amendment, expresses his full appreciation of the great work of the Republican party.

The United States have no patents of nobility for those who have best served their country. They make no Dukes, they build no Blenheims, nor do they offer to them such a noble fortune as was justly given to Richard Cobden by his admiring friends. But some of those who appreciated Mr. Garrison's immense service to his country and to civilization, and who knew that at sixty years of age he was as poor as when he began the struggle, quietly raised a modest sum, which has been invested for his benefit. Meanwhile his activity and zeal in all humane reforms do not decline. He lives pleasantly upon Roxbury Heights, near Boston, interested in the movements for temperance, for peace, and especially for the equality of women.

Few men in history have ever devoted themselves more unreservedly than Mr. Garrison to a great moral and social reform, and very few have ever lived to see so marvelous and beneficent a triumph.

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

The first number of the *Liberator* was issued, as we have said in speaking of Mr. Garrison, on the 1st of January, 1831. The anti-slavery debate, unsparingly urged by the Abolitionists, provoked the intensest feeling, and on the afternoon of the 21st of October, 1835, a mob assailed the building in Boston in which the Female Anti-Slavery Society was to meet. The object of the mob, in which were many so-called respectable persons, was George Thompson, an eloquent English Abolitionist. But he had left the city, and Mr. Garrison, who was present, was their next prey. The mayor of the city had but a few constables at his command, and his only further authority under the law was to summon by-standers to his aid, and, if the riot became unmanageable, to appeal to the Governor of the State. Mr. Garrison in leaving the building was seized by the mob, and was hurried along the street with a rope around his waist. He was finally rescued from the mob by the mayor, and to save his life was committed to the jail, where he passed the night. At the height of the tumult a young lawyer, twenty-four years old, who had been admitted to the Boston bar a year before, after graduating at Cambridge in the brilliant class of the historian Motley, Charles Eames, William H. Simmons, and others, stopped in the street and watched the riot. He had no sympathy with the Abolitionists, but he had a very clear perception of the rights of American citizens, and the dastardly attempt to stifle free speech in the town of James Otis and Samuel Adams so stirred his manhood, that he investigated the question which Boston was afraid to hear discussed, and joined the Abolitionists. It was like one of the Medici becoming a Lutheran. In college a chief among the chiefs, a fencer, a boxer, and a lover of horses, yet so given to chemistry and mechanics that his mother said, when he became a lawyer, that a good carpenter was spoiled, already a graceful and persuasive orator, it was incredible that, with all the ordinary prizes of life within his grasp—position, ease, fame—he should surrender them, and turn away to join those odious fanatics, the Abolitionists. But there was no doubt that he had done so after the evening of the 8th of December, 1837. Upon that evening there was a meeting of the citizens of Boston, to express their sentiments upon the murder of E. P. Lovejoy, at Alton, on the 7th of November. Dr. Channing had spoken, and some resolutions becoming honorable men and honest Americans had been offered, when James T. Austin, the Attorney-General of Massachusetts, vehemently justified the Alton murder, declaring that Lovejoy died as the fool dieth. The excitement was intense, and the feeling of the audience was evidently strongly divided, when Mr. Phillips, then twenty-six years old, appeared upon the platform, and in a brief speech, which restored to Faneuil Hall its old glory of eloquence and patriotism and humanity, and seemed to be the living echo of the fiery tongues of the Revolution, recalled the audience to itself, and spoke for the heart and conscience of New England. The resolutions were adopted; and from that evening until the abolition of slavery Wendell Phillips was the great orator of the cause and of the country. Like Mr. Garrison's, his life has been devoted to influencing public opinion upon the question of slavery. The two have been the representative Abolitionists. But those who for so many years heard of Mr. Phillips with a shudder as the arch-agitator, could not believe, when they saw a tranquil, manly, graceful, polished gentleman upon the platform, that it was Wendell Phillips. "A great orator," said one; "why, it is only a man pleasantly talking." An accomplished scholar, a gentleman of captivating courtesy, graced with all the orator's gifts, Mr. Phillips, constantly speaking, has never lost his charm. His oratory is the perfection of art—simplicity itself. "His rhetoric is faultless, his manner superb," said recently the most scholarly and stringent of English critics, who yet thought him an advocate, and not quite fair. But we have no space to say more. In 1839 Mr. Phillips renounced his profession, because he would not take an oath to support the Constitution, and, although a man of ample resources, he lives with Spartan simplicity, and with a boundless benevolence. He is the severest censor of the country and time. The moral judgment of no man among us upon public affairs is so powerful as his. Its enunciation is often greeted with impatience by his best friends. But he could answer as the sage wrote upon the wall in Damascus, "Time; time." He has been the sharpest critic of the Republican party, because he believed it was the only one from which progress could be expected, while he sees that it is the tendency of all parties to trim to the timidity of their weakest members. When Mr. Garrison retired from the presidency of the American Anti-Slavery Society, because its object, in his opinion, was accomplished, Mr. Phillips, thinking that an outside organization was still necessary to hold the Republicans to their duty, succeeded his friend as President. But upon the recent adoption of the Fifteenth Amendment the Society was formally dissolved.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1869, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

MAN AND WIFE.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," "The Moonstone," etc., etc.

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

ELEVENTH SCENE.—SIR PATRICK'S HOUSE.

CHAPTER THE FORTY-SECOND.

THE SMOKING-ROOM WINDOW.

"I can't believe it! I won't believe it! You're trying to part me from my husband—you're trying to set me against my dearest friend. It's infamous. It's horrible. What have I done to you? Oh, my head! my head! Are you trying to drive me mad?"

Pale and wild; her hands twisted in her hair; her feet hurrying her aimlessly to and fro in the room—so Blanche answered her step-mother, when the object of Lady Lundie's pilgrimage had been accomplished, and the cruel truth had been plainly told.

Her ladyship sat, superbly composed, looking out through the window at the placid landscape of woods and fields which surrounded Ham Farm.

"I was prepared for this outbreak," she said, sadly. "These wild words relieve your over-burdened heart, my poor child. I can wait, Blanche—I can wait!"

Blanche stopped, and confronted Lady Lundie.

"You and I never liked each other," she said. "I wrote you a pert letter from this place. I have always taken Anne's part against you. I have shown you plainly—rudely, I dare say—that I was glad to be married and get away from you. This is not your revenge, is it?"

"Oh, Blanche, Blanche, what thoughts to think! what words to say! I can only pray for you."

"I am mad, Lady Lundie. You bear with mad people. Bear with me. I have been hardly more than a fortnight married. I love *him*—I love *her*—with all my heart. Remember what you have told me about them. Remember! remember! remember!"

She reiterated the words with a low cry of pain. Her hands went up to her head again; and she returned restlessly to pacing this way and that in the room.

Lady Lundie tried the effect of a gentle remonstrance. "For your own sake," she said, "don't persist in estranging yourself from me. In this dreadful trial, I am the only friend you have."

Blanche came back to her step-mother's chair; and looked at her steadily, in silence. Lady Lundie submitted to inspection—and bore it perfectly.

"Look into my heart," she said. "Blanche! it bleeds for you!"

Blanche heard, without heeding. Her mind was painfully intent on its own thoughts. "You are a religious woman," she said, abruptly. "Will you swear on your Bible, that what you told me is true?"

"*My* Bible!" repeated Lady Lundie with sorrowful emphasis. "Oh, my child! have *you* no part in that precious inheritance? Is it not *your* Bible, too?"

A momentary triumph showed itself in Blanche's face. "You daren't swear it!" she said. "That's enough for me!"

She turned away scornfully. Lady Lundie caught her by the hand, and drew her sharply back. The suffering saint disappeared, and the woman who was no longer to be trifled with took her place.

"There must be an end to this," she said. "You don't believe what I have told you. Have you courage enough to put it to the test?"

Blanche started, and released her hand. She trembled a little. There was a horrible certainty of conviction expressed in Lady Lundie's sudden change of manner.

"How?" she asked.

"You shall see. Tell me the truth, on your side, first. Where is Sir Patrick? Is he really out, as his servant told me?"

"Yes. He is out with the farm bailiff. You have taken us all by surprise. You wrote that we were to expect you by the next train."

"When does the next train arrive? It is eleven o'clock now."

"Between one and two."

"Sir Patrick will not be back till then?"

"Not till then."

"Where is Mr. Brinkworth?"

"My husband?"

"Your husband—if you like. Is he out, too?"

"He is in the smoking-room."

"Do you mean the long room, built out from the back of the house?"

"Yes."

"Come down stairs at once with me."

Blanche advanced a step—and drew back. "What do you want of me?" she asked, inspired by a sudden distrust.

Lady Lundie turned round, and looked at her impatiently.

"Can't you see yet," she said, sharply, "that your interest and my interest in this matter are one? What have I told you?"

"Don't repeat it!"

"I must repeat it! I have told you that Arnold Brinkworth was privately at Craig Fernie, with Miss Silvester, in the acknowledged character of her husband—when we supposed him to be visiting the estate left him by his aunt. You refuse to believe it—and I am about to put it to the proof. Is it your interest or is it not, to know whether this man deserves the blind belief that you place in him?"

Blanche trembled from head to foot, and made no reply.

"I am going into the garden, to speak to Mr. Brinkworth through the smoking-room window," pursued her ladyship. "Have you the courage to come with me; to wait behind out of sight; and to hear what he says with his own lips? I am not afraid of putting it to that test. Are you?"

The tone in which she asked the question roused Blanche's spirit.

"If I believed him to be guilty," she said, resolutely, "I should *not* have the courage. I believe him to be innocent. Lead the way, Lady Lundie, as soon as you please."

They left the room—Blanche's own room at Ham Farm—and descended to the hall. Lady Lundie stopped, and consulted the railway time-table hanging near the house-door.

"There is a train to London at a quarter to twelve," she said. "How long does it take to walk to the station?"

"Why do you ask?"

"You will soon know. Answer my question."

"It's a walk of twenty minutes to the station."

Lady Lundie referred to her watch. "There will be just time," she said.

"Time for what?"

"Come into the garden."

With that answer, she led the way out.

The smoking-room projected at right angles from the wall of the house, in an oblong form—with a bow-window at the farther end, looking into the garden. Before she turned the corner, and showed herself within the range of view from the window, Lady Lundie looked back, and signed to Blanche to wait behind the angle of the wall. Blanche waited.

The next instant she heard the voices in conversation through the open window. Arnold's voice was the first that spoke.

"Lady Lundie! Why, we didn't expect you till luncheon time!"

Lady Lundie was ready with her answer.

"I was able to leave town earlier than I had anticipated. Don't put out your cigar; and don't move. I am not coming in."

The quick interchange of question and answer went on; every word being audible in the perfect stillness of the place. Arnold was the next to speak.

"Have you seen Blanche?"

"Blanche is getting ready to go out with me. We mean to have a walk together. I have many things to say to her. Before we go, I have something to say to *you*."

"Is it any thing very serious?"

"It is most serious."

"About me?"

"About you. I know where you went on the evening of my lawn-party at Windygates—you went to Craig Fernie."

"Good Heavens! how did you find out—?"

"I know whom you went to meet—Miss Silvester. I know what is said of you and of her—you are man and wife."

"Hush! don't speak so loud. Somebody may hear you!"

"What does it matter if they do? I am the only person whom you have kept out of the secret. You all of you know it here."

"Nothing of the sort! Blanche doesn't know it."

"What! Neither you nor Sir Patrick has told Blanche of the situation you stand in at this moment?"

"Not yet. Sir Patrick leaves it to me. I haven't been able to bring myself to do it. Don't say a word, I entreat you! I don't know how Blanche may interpret it. Her friend is expected in London to-morrow. I want to wait till Sir Patrick can bring them together. Her friend will break it to her better than I can. It's *my* notion. Sir Patrick thinks it a good one. Stop! you're not going away already?"

"She will be here to look for me if I stay any longer."

"One word! I want to know—"

"You shall know, later in the day."

Her ladyship appeared again round the angle of the wall. The next words that passed were words spoken in a whisper.

"Are you satisfied now, Blanche?"

"Have you mercy enough left, Lady Lundie, to take me away from this house?"

"My dear child! Why else did I look at the time-table in the hall?"

CHAPTER THE FORTY-THIRD.

THE EXPLOSION.

Arnold's mind was far from easy when he was left by himself again in the smoking-room.

After wasting some time in vainly trying to guess at the source from which Lady Lundie had derived her information, he put on his hat, and took the direction which led to Blanche's favorite walk at Ham Farm. Without absolutely distrusting her ladyship's discretion, the idea had occurred to him that he would do well to join his wife and her step-mother. By making a third at the interview between them, he might prevent the conversation from assuming a perilously confidential turn.

The search for the ladies proved useless. They had not taken the direction in which he supposed them to have gone.

He returned to the smoking-room, and composed himself to wait for events as patiently as he might. In this passive position—with his thoughts still running on Lady Lundie—his memory reverted to a brief conversation between Sir Patrick and himself, occasioned, on the previous day, by her ladyship's announcement of her proposed visit to Ham Farm. Sir Patrick had at once expressed his conviction that his sister-in-law's journey south had some acknowledged purpose at the bottom of it.

"I am not at all sure, Arnold" (he had said), "that I have done wisely in leaving her letter unanswered. And I am strongly disposed to think that the safest course will be to take her into the secret when she comes to-morrow. We can't help the position in which we are placed. It was impossible (without admitting your wife to our confidence) to prevent Blanche from writing that unlucky letter to her—and, even if we had prevented it, she must have heard in other ways of your return to England. I don't doubt my own discretion, so far; and I don't doubt the convenience of keeping her in the dark, as a means of keeping her from meddling in this business of yours, until I have had time to set it right. But she may, by some unlucky accident, discover the truth for herself—and, in that case, I strongly distrust the influence which she might attempt to exercise on Blanche's mind."

Those were the words—and what had happened on the day after they had been spoken? Lady Lundie *had* discovered the truth; and she was, at that moment, alone somewhere with Blanche. Arnold took up his hat once more, and set forth on the search for the ladies in another direction.

The second expedition was as fruitless as the first. Nothing was to be seen, and nothing was to be heard, of Lady Lundie and Blanche.

Arnold's watch told him that it was not far from the time when Sir Patrick might be expected to return. In all probability, while he had been looking for them, the ladies had gone back by some other way to the house. He entered the rooms on the ground-floor, one after another. They were all empty. He went up stairs, and knocked at the door of Blanche's room. There was no answer. He opened the door and looked in. The room was empty, like the rooms down stairs. But, close to the entrance, there was a trifling circumstance to attract notice, in the shape of a note lying on the carpet. He picked it up, and saw that it was addressed to him in the handwriting of his wife.

He opened it. The note began, without the usual form of address, in these words:

"I know the abominable secret that you and my uncle have hidden from me. I know *your* infamy, and *her* infamy, and the position in which, thanks to you and to her, I now stand. Reproaches would be wasted words, addressed to such a man as you are. I write these lines to tell you that I have placed myself under my step-mother's protection in London. It is useless to attempt to follow me. Others will find out whether the ceremony of marriage which you went through with me is binding on you or not. For myself, I know enough already. I have gone, never to come back, and never to let you see me again.—Blanche."

Hurrying headlong down the stairs with but one clear idea in his mind—the idea of instantly following his wife—Arnold encountered Sir Patrick, standing by a table in the hall, on which cards and notes left by visitors were usually placed, with an open letter in his hand. Seeing in an instant what had happened, he threw one of his arms round Arnold, and stopped him at the house-door.

"You are a man," he said, firmly. "Bear it like a man."

Arnold's head fell on the shoulder of his kind old friend. He burst into tears.

Sir Patrick let the irrepressible outbreak of grief have its way. In those first moments, silence was mercy. He said nothing. The letter which he had been reading (from Lady Lundie, it is needless to say), dropped unheeded at his feet.

Arnold lifted his head, and dashed away the tears.

"I am ashamed of myself," he said. "Let me go."

"Wrong, my poor fellow—doubly wrong!"

returned Sir Patrick. "There is no shame in shedding such tears as those. And there is nothing to be done by leaving *me*."

"I must and will see her!"

"Read that," said Sir Patrick, pointing to the letter on the floor. "See your wife? Your wife is with the woman who has written those lines. Read them."

Arnold read them.

"Dear Sir Patrick,—If you had honored me with your confidence, I should have been happy to consult you before I interfered to rescue Blanche from the position in which Mr. Brinkworth has placed her. As it is, your late brother's child is under my protection at my house in London. If *you* attempt to exercise your authority, it must be by main force—I will submit to nothing less. If Mr. Brinkworth attempts to exercise *his* authority, he shall establish his right to do so (if he can) in a police-court.

"Very truly yours, Julia Lundie."

Arnold's resolution was not to be shaken even by this. "What do I care," he burst out, hotly, "whether I am dragged through the streets by the police or not! I *will* see my wife. I *will* clear myself of the horrible suspicion she has about me. You have shown me your letter. Look at mine!"

Sir Patrick's clear sense saw the wild words that Blanche had written in their true light.

"Do you hold your wife responsible for that letter?" he asked. "I see her step-mother in every line of it. You descend to something unworthy of you, if you seriously defend yourself against *this!* You can't see it? You persist in holding to your own view? Write, then. You can't get to her—your letter may. No! When you leave this house, you leave it with me. I have conceded something, on my side, in allowing you to write. I insist on your conceding something, on your side, in return. Come into the library! I answer for setting things right between you and Blanche, if you will place your interests in my hands. Do you trust me or not?"

Arnold yielded. They went into the library together. Sir Patrick pointed to the writing-table. "Relieve your mind there," he said. "And let me find you a reasonable man again when I come back."

When he returned to the library the letter was written; and Arnold's mind was so far relieved—for the time at least.

"I shall take your letter to Blanche myself," said Sir Patrick, "by the train that leaves for London in half an hour's time."

"You will let me go with you?"

"Not to-day. I shall be back this evening to dinner. You shall hear all that has happened; and you shall accompany me to London to-morrow—if I find it necessary to make any lengthened stay there. Between this and then, after the shock that you have suffered, you will do well to be quiet here. Be satisfied with my assurance that Blanche shall have your letter. I will force my authority on her step-mother to that extent (if her step-mother resists) without scruple. The respect in which I hold the sex only lasts as long as the sex deserves it—and does *not* extend to Lady Lundie. There is no advantage that a man can take of a woman which I am not fully prepared to take of my sister-in-law."

With that characteristic farewell, he shook hands with Arnold, and departed for the station.

At seven o'clock the dinner was on the table. At seven o'clock Sir Patrick came down stairs to eat it, as perfectly dressed as usual, and as composed as if nothing had happened.

"She has got your letter," he whispered, as he took Arnold's arm, and led him into the dining-room.

"Did she say any thing?"

"Not a word."

"How did she look?"

"As she ought to look—sorry for what she has done."

The dinner began. As a matter of necessity, the subject of Sir Patrick's expedition was dropped while the servants were in the room—to be regularly taken up again by Arnold in the intervals between the courses. He began when the soup was taken away.

"I confess I had hoped to see Blanche come back with you!" he said, sadly enough.

"In other words," returned Sir Patrick, "you forgot the native obstinacy of the sex. Blanche is beginning to feel that she has been wrong. What is the necessary consequence? She naturally persists in being wrong. Let her alone, and leave your letter to have its effect. The serious difficulties in our way don't rest with Blanche. Content yourself with knowing that."

The fish came in, and Arnold was silenced—until his next opportunity came with the next interval in the course of the dinner.

"What are the difficulties?" he asked.

"The difficulties are my difficulties and yours," answered Sir Patrick. "My difficulty is, that I can't assert my authority, as guardian, if I assume my niece (as I do) to be a married woman. Your difficulty is, that you can't assert your authority as her husband, until it is distinctly proved that you and Miss Silvester are not man and wife. Lady Lundie was perfectly aware that she would place us in that position, when she removed Blanche from this house. She has cross-examined Mrs. Inchbare; she has written to your steward for the date of your arrival at your estate; she has done every thing, calculated every thing, and foreseen every thing—except my excellent temper. The one mistake she has made, is in thinking she could get the better of *that*. No, my dear boy! My trump card is my temper. I keep it in my hand, Arnold—I keep it in my hand!"

The next course came in—and there was an end of the subject again. Sir Patrick enjoyed his mutton, and entered on a long and interesting narrative of the history of some rare white Burgundy on the table imported by himself. Arnold resolutely resumed the discussion with the departure of the mutton.

"It seems to be a dead lock," he said.

"No slang!" retorted Sir Patrick.

"For Heaven's sake, Sir, consider my anxiety, and tell me what you propose to do!"

"I propose to take you to London with me to-morrow, on this condition—that you promise me, on your word of honor, not to attempt to see your wife before Saturday next."

"I shall see her then?"

"If you give me your promise."

"I do! I do!"

The next course came in. Sir Patrick entered on the question of the merits of the partridge, viewed as an eatable bird. "By himself, Arnold—plainly roasted, and tested on his own merits—an overrated bird. Being too fond of shooting him in this country, we become too fond of eating him next. Properly understood, he is a vehicle for sauce and truffles—nothing more. Or no—that is hardly doing him justice. I am bound to add that he is honorably associated with the famous French receipt for cooking an olive. Do you know it?"

There was an end of the bird; there was an end of the jelly. Arnold got his next chance—and took it.

"What is to be done in London to-morrow?" he asked.

"To-morrow," answered Sir Patrick, "is a memorable day in our calendar. To-morrow is Tuesday—the day on which I am to see Miss Silvester."

Arnold set down the glass of wine which he was just raising to his lips.

"After what has happened," he said, "I can hardly bear to hear her name mentioned. Miss Silvester has parted me from my wife."

"Miss Silvester may atone for that, Arnold, by uniting you again."

"She has been the ruin of me so far."

"She may be the salvation of you yet."

The cheese came in; and Sir Patrick returned to the Art of Cookery.

"Do you know the receipt for cooking an olive, Arnold?"

"No."

"What *does* the new generation know? It knows how to row, how to shoot, how to play at cricket, and how to bet. When it has lost its muscle and lost its money—that is to say, when it has grown old—what a generation it will be! It doesn't matter: I sha'n't live to see it. Are you listening, Arnold?"

"Yes, Sir."

"How to cook an olive: Put an olive into a lark; put a lark into a quail; put a quail into a plover; put a plover into a partridge; put a partridge into a pheasant; put a pheasant into a turkey. Good. First, partially roast; then carefully stew—until all is thoroughly done down to the olive. Good again. Next, open the window. Throw out the turkey, the pheasant, the partridge, the plover, the quail, and the lark. *Then, eat the olive.* The dish is expensive, but (we have it on the highest authority) well worth the sacrifice. 'The quintessence of the flavor of six birds, concentrated in one olive. Grand idea! Try another glass of the white Burgundy, Arnold."

At last the servants left them—with the wine and dessert on the table.

"I have borne it as long as I can, Sir," said Arnold. "Add to all your kindness to me by telling me at once what happened at Lady Lundie's."

It was a chilly evening. A bright wood fire was burning in the room. Sir Patrick drew his chair to the fire.

"This is exactly what happened," he said. "I found company at Lady Lundie's, to begin with. Two perfect strangers to me. Captain Newenden, and his niece, Mrs. Glenarm. Lady Lundie offered to see me in another room; the two strangers offered to withdraw. I declined both proposals. First check to her ladyship! She has reckoned throughout, Arnold, on our being afraid to face public opinion. I showed her at starting that we were as ready to face it as she was. 'I always accept what the French call accomplished facts,' I said. 'You have brought matters to a crisis, Lady Lundie. So let it be. I have a word to say to my niece (in your presence, if you like); and I have another word to say to you afterward—without presuming to disturb your guests.' The guests sat down again (both naturally devoured by curiosity). Could her ladyship decently refuse me an interview with my own niece, while two witnesses were looking on? Impossible. I saw Blanche (Lady Lundie being present, it is needless to say) in the back drawing-room. I gave her your letter; I said a good word for you; I saw that she was sorry, though she wouldn't own it—and that was enough. We went back into the front drawing-room. I had not spoken five words on our side of the question before it appeared, to my astonishment and delight, that Captain Newenden was in the house on the very question that had brought me into the house—the question of you and Miss Silvester. My business, in the interests of *my* niece, was to deny your marriage to the lady. His business, in the interests of *his* niece, was to assert your marriage to the lady. To the unutterable disgust of the two women, we joined issue, in the most friendly manner, on the spot. 'Charmed to have the pleasure of meeting you, Captain Newenden.'—'Delighted to have the honor of making your acquaintance, Sir Patrick.'—'I think we can settle this in two minutes?'—'My own idea perfectly expressed.'—'State your position, Captain.'—'With the greatest pleasure. Here is my niece, Mrs. Glenarm, engaged to marry Mr. Geoffrey Delamayn. All very well, but there happens to be an obstacle—in the shape of a lady. Do I put it plainly?'—'You put it admirably, Captain; but for the loss to the British navy, you ought to have been a lawyer. Pray, go on.'—'You are too good, Sir Patrick. I resume. Mr. Delamayn asserts that this person in the back-ground has no claim on him, and backs his assertion by declaring that she is married already to Mr. Arnold Brinkworth. Lady Lundie and my niece assure me, on evidence which satisfies *them*, that the assertion is true. The evidence does not satisfy *me*. I hope, Sir Patrick, I don't strike you as being an excessively obstinate man?'—'My dear Sir, you impress me with the highest opinion of your capacity for sifting human testimony! May I ask, next, what course you mean to take?'—'The very thing I was going to mention, Sir Patrick! This is my course. I refuse to sanction my niece's engagement to Mr. Delamayn, until Mr. Delamayn has actually proved his statement by appeal to witnesses of the lady's marriage. He refers me to two witnesses; but declines acting at once in the matter for himself, on the ground that he is in training for a foot-race. I admit that that is an obstacle, and consent to arrange for bringing the two witnesses to London myself. By this post I have written to my lawyers in Perth to look the witnesses up; to offer them the necessary terms (at Mr. Delamayn's expense) for the use of their time, and to produce them by the end of the week. The foot-race is on Thursday next. Mr. Delamayn will be able to attend after that, and establish his own assertion by his own witnesses. What do you say, Sir Patrick, to Saturday next (with Lady Lundie's permission) in this room?'—There is the substance of the captain's statement. He is as old as I am, and is dressed to look like thirty; but a very pleasant fellow for all that. I struck my sister-in-law dumb by accepting the proposal without a moment's hesitation. Mrs. Glenarm and Lady Lundie looked at each other in mute amazement. Here was a difference about which two women would have mortally quarreled; and here were two men settling it in the friendliest possible manner. I wish you had seen Lady Lundie's face, when I declared myself deeply indebted to Captain Newenden for rendering any prolonged interview with her ladyship quite unnecessary. 'Thanks to the captain,' I said to her, in the most cordial manner, 'we have absolutely nothing to discuss. I shall catch the next train, and set Arnold Brinkworth's mind quite at ease.' To come back to serious things, I have engaged to produce you, in the presence of every body—your wife included—on Saturday next. I put a bold face on it before the others. But I am bound to tell *you* that it is by no means easy to say—situated as we are now—what the result of Saturday's inquiry will be. Every thing depends on the issue of my interview with Miss Silvester to-morrow. It is no exaggeration to say, Arnold, that your fate is in her hands."

"I wish to heaven I had never set eyes on her!" said Arnold.

"Lay the saddle on the right horse," returned Sir Patrick. "Wish you had never set eyes on Geoffrey Delamayn."

Arnold hung his head. Sir Patrick's sharp tongue had got the better of him once more.

THE CONSTANCY OF LOVERS.

We can imagine no greater mistake in life than for a man or woman to preserve an apparent constancy in action after their affections have gone away from the person to whom they were pledged. It is a mistake which is frequently committed, we know, but it is not less a mistake. It is a burlesque of honor, and a violation of truth; and yet it is the sacrifice which many an ardent lover demands. His sweet mistress promised to marry him, one quiet summer evening, when a sudden access of affection made them picture the future as if it could only be a repetition of the present. It was a beautiful picture, doubtless, and in the faith that it would become reality, they gave each other tender assurances of constancy, and swore to be husband and wife. Now some three years are over and gone, and the lover returns to claim the promised prize. During his absence the girl has grown to be a woman, and she has acquired very different notions of the world. In spite of herself—in spite of all those little vigils, and tokens, and duties by which a woman may preserve the memory of a man—the old love has insensibly faded away. She regards with dismay his return. Her first impulse is to meet him frankly, tell him the whole story, and beg him, for both their sakes, to release her from the engagement. Then, again, she shrinks from the pain she knows she will inflict upon him. She shrinks, also, from lowering herself in his opinion and the opinion of their friends, who will look upon her as a heartless and faithless creature, unworthy of the patient devotion with which he has labored for her and thought of her during that long separation. Very probably some strange notion of duty will prompt her to go and sacrifice herself to this pledge, which is now a mockery and a delusion. Even suppose she musters up sufficient courage to tell him that, during these years, she has come to think differently, and that she is afraid her affection is not such as should subsist between husband and wife, he is likely to overcome her scruples by his vehemence. Does she love somebody else? he demands. No. Has she any thing to find fault with in him? No. Then is not this strange notion merely a whim, a caprice? Will not use and wont revive the old love, even should it have been partially faded? Has he not sufficient love to make their union a happy one? And so forth, and so forth—the venerable protestations which lovers, from time immemorial, have uttered. Add to these his declaration that, if she does not marry him, she will break his heart and ruin his life; he will blow his brains out, or enlist as a soldier, or do something equally wild and unnecessary. Trembling, excited, and deeply commiserating her lover's plight, the girl resolves to remain "constant." She meets him at the altar, and promises what she knows she can not perform. She enters her new sphere of life with little of hope, if not with downright aversion; and the consequences of that act may involve two lives in misery. Yet she has shown herself a miracle of constancy; and the world will applaud her good conduct.

INDIANS MOVING.

Our illustration on page 324 shows the manner in which the population of an Indian village make a journey from one place of settlement to another, taking their habitations with them. The long poles on which the tent-skins were stretched now serve as a rude kind of sledge or drag, for the conveyance of such household goods as make up the scanty furniture of an Indian lodge. Such a procession makes a very picturesque spectacle, moving helter-skelter over the plains, warriors, squaws, young ones, dogs, and ponies, all mingled together. Perhaps no sight is more grateful to the Western settler than that of these aborigines obeying the general law of "Westward ho!" The further and quicker they go the better, in the estimation of the white interlopers, until they meet the tide of white civilization advancing Eastward from the Western coast, when the northernmost Territories will be the only place of refuge for such as refuse to die or become civilized.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

An Iowa girl wants to die, but she prefers to be "smothered with kisses."

"Dad," said an incipient legislator to his indulgent parent, who had gratified him with a visit to the galleries of the Capitol, "say, do you see any row going on? I don't." "No," said the astonished father, "of course not. Why did you ask?" "'Cause the man in the big desk says, 'the *eyes* have it!' and just now he said the *nose* had it—so I thought there was some *fun* down there som'ers."

A Hibernian, entering a menagerie, was asked if the pony he saw there was not a very small one. "Ah, faith," said Pat, "I've seen many a one in swate Ireland as little as two of him!"

When the Fifteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry entered the town of Dawson, Georgia, in the spring of 1865, among those who welcomed them was a negro woman, whose appearance denoted extreme old age. Impelled by curiosity, one of the "boys" rode up to her, and asked, "How old are you, auntie?" "Well, chile," she replied, "I don't 'zactly know *how* old I is; but I was here when C'lumbus come!"

Universal Profession—A gold-chaser.

"Would ye plase, mem," said Bridget, the other evening, "an' I'd like ye to lind me the loan of your white dress, to wear to a party. I do hate to be askin' ye, for borrowed clothes niver fit me like me own."

Can a curl over the forehead be called, "Locke on the Understanding?"

An enthusiastic old lady, living near Detroit, whose husband had, but a few days previous, been attended to his last resting-place by the Masonic fraternity, was very much elated with the obsequies. Narrating the particulars of the occasion to a neighbor, she wound up by saying, "Oh, you ought to have been there—*we had a splendid time!*"

"Every man his own angel," is the way the new flying-machine is announced in New York.

"What do you mean," inquired an inquisitive lady of a facetious lawyer, "by the term 'putting a leading question?'" "When I offer you my arm, dear," replied the learned gentleman, suiting the action to the word.

At a Sunday-school in Ripon a teacher asked a little boy if he knew what the expression "sowing tares" meant. "Courth I does," said he, pulling the seat of his little breeches around in front. "There's a tear my ma sewed. I teared it sliding down hill."

Letters, like fashionable young ladies, must have the stamps before the mails (males) will take them.

Three things a lady can not do:
1. She can not pass a millinery-shop without stopping.
2. She can not see a piece of lace without asking the price.
3. She can not see a baby without kissing it.

A lady turns the table on the gentlemen, as follows:
Three things a gentleman can not do:
1. He can not go through the house and shut the doors after him.
2. He can not have a shirt made to suit him.
3. He can never be satisfied with the ladies' fashions.

Names for Railway Locomotives.—The "Smasher," the "Finisher," the "Crusher," the "Grinder," and the "In at the Death."

SCENE IN A SCHOOL-ROOM.

Said Master Beach to Willie Smith,
"Your hand, Sir, in a twinkling."
Said Willie Smith to Master Beach,
"'Twill hurt, Sir, I am thinking.

"And if 'twill answer just as well,
I'll give my hand to Lilly Bell.
You know 'twon't hurt me near so bad,
And Lilly dear will be so glad."

The master looked as sweet
As if he'd just been kissed;
And said, in milder tones,
"The school is now dismissed."

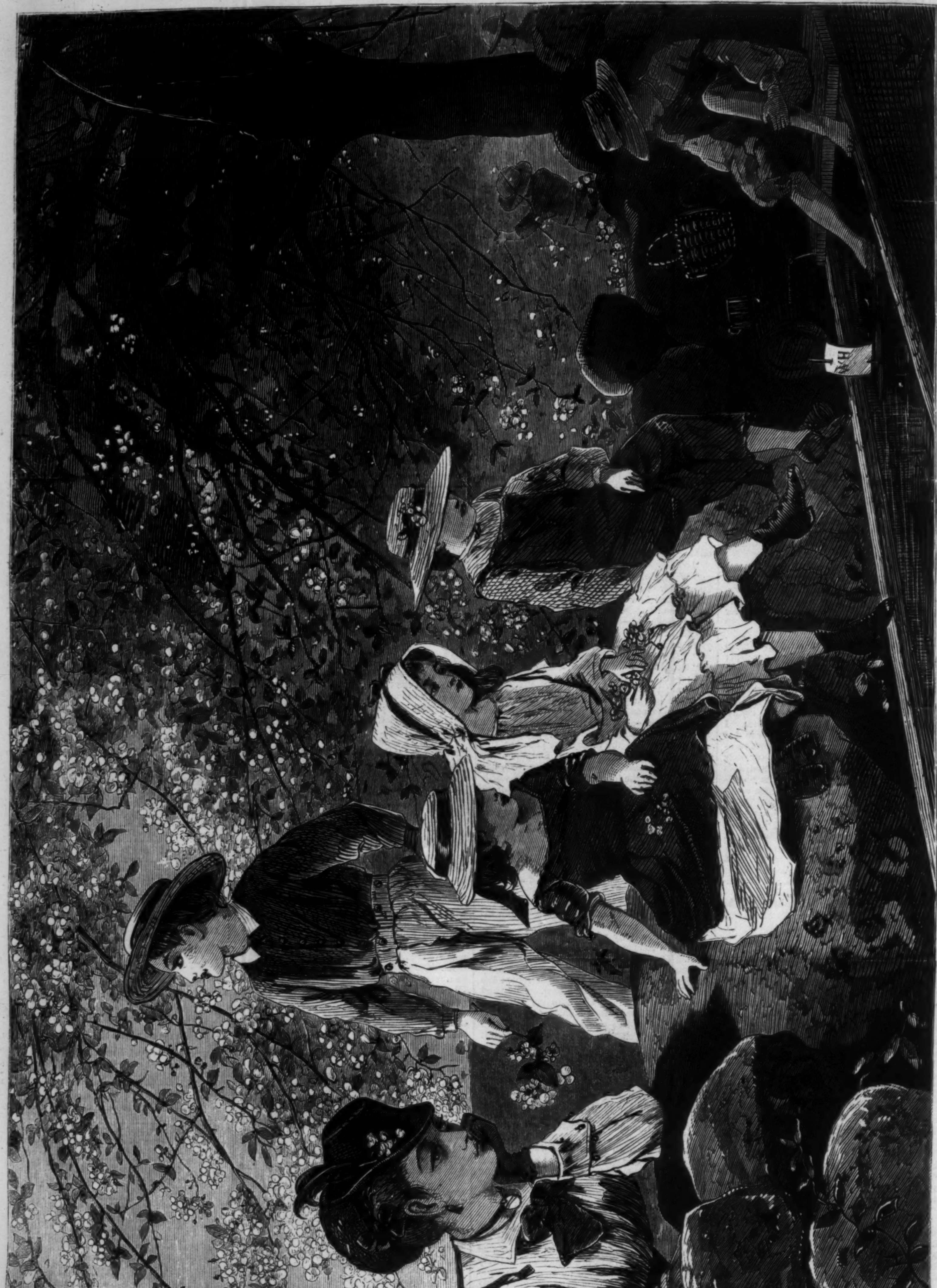
Wyoming nurses calm the rising generation by singing:

"Nice little baby, don't get in a fury,
'Cause mamma's gone to sit on the jury."

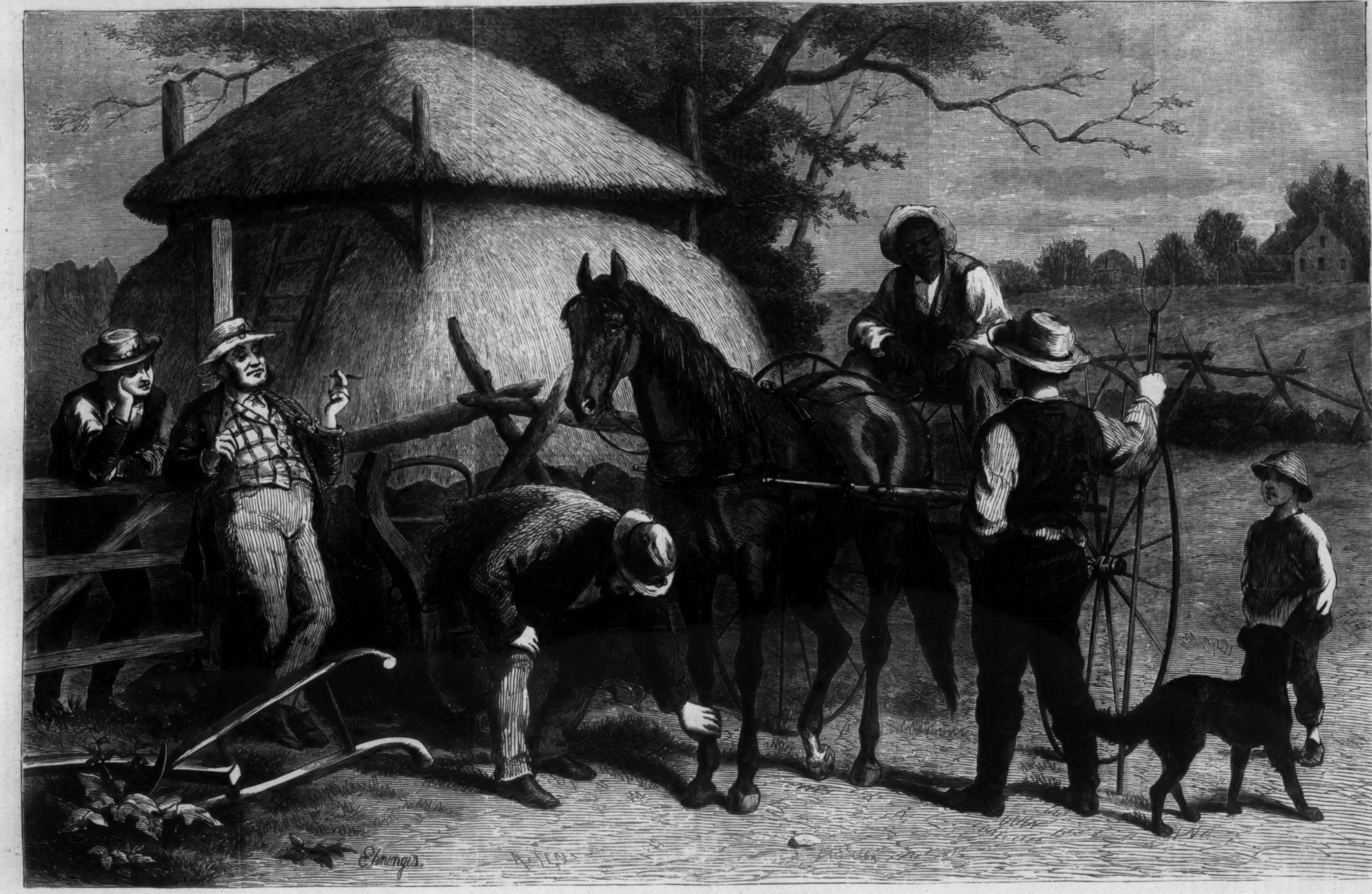
The cat that serenaded a literary lady the other night has not been able to be out since; and the lady is minus one boot, one flower-pot, a patent inkstand, and a new chignon.

An old soaker replied to a temperance lecturer by the following poser: "If water rots the soles of your boots, what effect must it have on the coat of your stomach?"

Court-Plasters—Awards for damages.



SPRING BLOSSOMS.—[Drawn by Winslow Homer.]



THE PROMISING COLT.—[Drawn by J. W. Ehninger.]

REGRET.

My love is gone: the summer sea
  Shall sing the rocks their roundelay;
But who will care to sing to me,
  I am so full of misery?

My love is gone: in angry mood,
  From my caprice and scorn, this day
He passed, and left me where I stood;
  And I am full of misery.

My love is gone: the girdled bee
  Shall kiss the bluebell day by day;
But who will care to comfort me,
  I am so full of misery?

My love is gone: my aching breast
  Shall weep and sob, and weep away
Its grief; but it will never rest,
  It is so full of misery.

VERONICA.

By the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble."

In Five Books.—Book V.

CHAPTER XV.

INFELICE.

Cesare advanced into the room silently, with his eyes fixed on his wife. He was very pale, and his hand plucked at his mustache with the lithe, serpentine motion of the fingers that was so suggestive of cruelty. Veronica, when she saw him, started violently, and dropped Plew's hand. The surgeon stood firm and still, and looked at Cesare quietly, neither apprehensive nor defiant. For some seconds no one spoke. The room was as still as death. Cesare's eyes quitted his wife's face, and wandered round the boudoir, looking more than ever like the inscrutable eyes in a picture on which you can not get a good light. This glance took in every detail of the scene. The preparations for supper, the half-emptied flasks of wine; above all, his wife's torn sleeve, and the wasted arm with its livid bruises. Then he spoke.

"Mille scuse! I intrude. No wonder you preferred to stay at home, cara gioja! But why did you not tell me that you expected a guest? Ha! Quite a carouse—a banquet! Per Dio! It is diverting! Like a scene in a comedy. It is complete! Lelio and Rosaura—and the husband!"

He spoke in Italian, and with an insolent, mocking bitterness of irony, which perhaps only an Italian can attain. Veronica did not speak. She sat still, with parted lips and dilated eyes, and her heart beat with such suffocating rapidity that she panted for breath as she sat. Suddenly Barletti turned to Plew, and addressed him in English, with a total change of tone.

"What do you here?" he asked, abruptly.

"I came here, Prince Barletti, because—" He saw in Veronica's face a mute appeal to conceal the fact that she had sent for him. "Because I happened to be in town, and thought that, for old acquaintance sake, I might venture to call on your wife. I am sorry to perceive by your manner—an unnecessarily discourteous manner, you will allow me to say, toward one whom you consider your inferior—that my visit is distasteful to you."

"Distasteful! *Come?* How can you think it? *Come, come?* How distasteful? Schiavo suo! I am your slave."

"I think, Cesare, you—might—be—decently civil—if not kind—to an old friend of mine—whom—I—so—value," gasped out Veronica, with her hand pressed to her side to restrain the painful beating of her heart.

"Angelo mio diletto! I have a great defect. I confess it with much penance. I am not of those husbands—those amiable and dear husbands—who are kind to the old and valued friend of their wife! *Che vuoi?* I am made so. *Son fatto così.*"

"You are mad, Cesare!"

"Not at all. Ah no! I have the disgrazia—the disgrace—to be in my sound mind. I have a memory—oh! so good memory. Did I tell you of my antipathy—another defect—I am full of them—for a certain person? And did I say that I like him not to come in my house?"

All this while Cesare was standing, with folded arms, on the opposite side of the table to his wife and Plew. The latter left his position near Veronica, and advanced toward Barletti, still, however, keeping the table between them.

"I shall not trust myself to say what I think of your conduct," said the little surgeon. "How you treat *me* matters little—"

"It matters nothing. You are right. It matters not that!" returned Barletti, snapping his fingers close to the surgeon's face. The latter stood like a rock.

"You had better take care," said he, quietly. "You might chance to touch me if you did that again."

"And if so? Even if so, eh? *Maledetta canaglia che tu sei!*"

Plew did not understand the words, but the look and tone that accompanied them were intelligible enough. He colored high, but spoke still in the same quiet manner, that in its unaffected manliness had a certain dignity.

"You have told your wife in my presence that you had an antipathy to me—why, Heaven knows!—and that you had desired never to see me in your house. Even had I known this, I do not think it would have prevented me from coming—"

"Without doubt! Oh, without doubt! He is pleasant, this buffone!"

"But I did not know it. And my errand here to-night was—partly—to deliver a message to your wife from her father."

"You lie!"

"Cesare! Per pieta!" cried Veronica, rising and holding up her hands as though to shut out the words from the surgeon's ears.

"Don't be afraid, Veronica," said Plew, with a quivering lip. "I am not a child, to be carried away into passion by a vile, vulgar insult from one whom I despise."

"Be silent, then!" cried Cesare, turning on her with savage fury. He spoke now in his own language, and poured out a torrent of opprobrious taunts and invectives with the volubility of an angry lazarone.

He was jealous of Mr. Plew. Wild and incredible as the idea appeared to Veronica, it nevertheless was so. Some jesting word dropped by the vicar about Mr. Plew's old adoration for his daughter had first attracted his attention to the behavior of Veronica toward this man. He had been struck by the unexampled fact of her taking the trouble to write letters to him from Shipley Magna. He had more than once told Veronica, as the reader knows, that the village surgeon was, as he phrased it, *antipatico* to him. Still she persisted in communicating with him. Cesare had watched the posting of her letters. Why should she care to write to Mr. Plew? Friendship? Bah! He was not a fool. What friendship could there be between a beautiful, brilliant young woman like his wife and a man who, however unattractive he might be in Cesare's eyes, was still far from old, and, moreover, had loved Veronica in years gone by? Che, che! If she did not love him, she allowed him to make love to her. Cesare's jealousy was alert and furious at the thought. Then one night he comes home unexpectedly, and finds this man with his wife—with his wife, who had refused to go out with him in spite of his urgent request to her to do so. She had been complaining of him, too, to this accursed doctor. Did he not see the torn sleeve, the uncovered arm? There was no reproach that could lacerate a woman's feelings that he did not heap on her in his fury.

"Oh, merciful Heaven!" she cried, pressing her hands to her throbbing temples, "this is more than I can bear. Listen, Cesare. Since you are possessed with this insanity—yes, insanity! I would say so with my dying breath—I will tell you now the truth. I can not remain with you. I have made up my mind to separate from you, and to live apart. You may have all the money—all the wicked, weary money; give me only enough to live on, and let me go. I am broken and crushed. I only want peace."

"You hear the Signora Principessa!" said Cesare, resuming for a moment his mocking sneer. "You hear her! Can not you, you valued friend, persuade her to be wise? I am her husband. Ah, I know your English law! I am master, she is slave. Can not you advise her? But I fear you are not yourself very wise! You give her wine. See, here is the flasco nearly void. Do you not know that she has too great penchant for the wine, la nostra cara principessa? Or did you perhaps teach her to love it, like the rest of the Inglesi?"

"You are more base and contemptible than I could have believed it possible for a man to be. I shall not remain longer beneath your roof. But I would have you know, and to understand, and to lay to heart, that this lady is not without friends and protectors, and that the English law, which you profess to know so well, does not permit you to treat her with the gross brutality to which I can bear witness."

"Giuro a Dio!" cried Cesare, in a transport of fury. "This to me—to me! *You* are perhaps her protector—cane maledetto!"

"Don't go!" screamed Veronica, clinging to the surgeon's arm, and cowering away from her husband. "He will kill me when you are gone!"

With a tremendous oath, Cesare seized a knife from the table, and made a thrust at the surgeon. At the same instant Veronica threw herself between the two men, and the knife, glancing off Plew's thick coat, was plunged into her side.

"O God! Veronica!" cried the surgeon, supporting her in his arms, and, as her weight sank, kneeling down upon the ground, and resting her head on his knee. "Oh, my beloved!"

Cesare stood transfixed and motionless, looking at the flowing blood, the dark, disheveled hair that covered the surgeon's knee, the white face of his hapless wife.

"Get assistance! Call for help! You have murdered her. Veronica! Veronica!"

"Is—is she dead?" said Cesare. Then, without waiting for a reply, he rushed out of the room with a rapid, noiseless step, descended the stairs with headlong vehemence, and was gone. The surgeon's cries presently brought up a crowd of scared servants, most of them heated and flustered with a revel they had been holding in their own domain, and which had prevented their hearing Cesare rush down the stairs and from the house. There was a chorus of exclamations—a confused Babel of voices. Some of the women screamed murder.

"Be quiet, for God's sake! Help me to lay her on the couch."

He had stanched the blood as well as he could, but it still flowed, and as they lifted her to place her on the couch it broke forth afresh, and left a ghastly trail that marked their path across the gayly-flowered carpet.

"Go for a doctor instantly! Go you!" said Mr. Plew, singling out one man who looked less scared and more self-possessed than the others. He was a groom, and had not long been in the prince's service.

"I am a medical man myself," said Mr. Plew, "but I must have assistance."

The man set off, promising to make good speed. Several doctors lived within a short distance of the house. He would not return without some one. Mr. Plew then asked for water and linen, and sending the other men away, he made two of the women assist him to do what could be done. They laid a white sheet over her, and put pillows and cushions beneath her head. In a few minutes, as he hung over her with an agonized face, she opened her eyes.

"Lord be merciful! She's alive!" cried one of the women.

Mr. Plew checked her by putting his hand over her mouth.

"Be quiet. It's a matter of life and death that you should be quiet. Veronica," he added, putting his lips near to her ear, and speaking very softly. "Do you know me?"

She formed the word "yes," with her colorless lips. Then her eyes languidly wandered about the room as though in search of some one. Then for the first time Mr. Plew remarked Cesare's absence. He had hitherto had eyes and ears only for her.

"Where is—your master?" he asked of one of the women, interpreting Veronica's look.

"Master? Master? I don't know! Did he come in?"

"Yes, yes; he was here. He was here just now."

"Then," cried one of the women, clasping her hands, "was it *he* that done it?"

Veronica made a violent effort to speak. "It was not all his fault," she gasped. "I—fell—on—the knife."

The exertion was too great for her, and she swooned again. In a few moments the groom returned, bringing with him the doctor and a policeman.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE END.

"There is not the least hope. You had better send for her friends at once. Are they in London? She can not last many hours."

The sickly gray dawn was creeping in at the windows of the room where Mr. Plew had watched all night by the side of the dying girl. Dying? Ah yes, too surely. Before his colleague's verdict had been uttered Mr. Plew had known full well, although he had striven against the knowledge, that it was beyond mortal skill to save her. The light of a shaded lamp struggled with the dawn. They had not dared to remove Veronica from the couch on which she had been placed at first. The growing daylight gradually revealed more and more of the horrible aspect of the chamber. The contrast of its gaudy richness and bright gilding with the awful stains that ran along the floor, and with the ghastly whiteness of the covering that concealed the helpless form on the sofa, and with the livid face and forlorn, disheveled hair tossed wildly around it, was horrible.

They had cut the hair off roughly here and there, in jagged ends, to keep it from distressing her by its long abundance. Both the doctors had at first concurred in thinking that there might be some hope. When it was desired to take her deposition, the medical men had said that to disturb her with questions would be at that moment infallibly to kill her. With a little quiet and patience, she might be able by-and-by to speak.

Meanwhile search was being made for her guilty husband, who, it was clear, had fled from the consequences of his crime. But, after a few hours, a violent fever set in. From that moment Mr. Plew knew that she was doomed. She had been delirious all night, and had asked constantly for water, water, water. But she spoke chiefly in Italian. Her faithful, loving friend had watched by her through the long night of agony, such as breaks the heart and blanches the head. Then, with the first gray of morning, came the words that head this chapter:

"There is no hope."

Her father had been telegraphed for, but it was scarcely possible that she should survive to see him, let him make the utmost speed he could.

After the long night of pain, fever, and delirium, the first rays of morning found the sufferer sleeping. It seemed not, indeed, so much a sleep as a lethargy that weighed on her eyelids, surrounded by a livid violet circle that made the pallor of her cheeks and brow startling.

"Has any news been heard of the man—the Prince Cesare?" asked the London physician, in a low voice, of Mr. Plew. The former had not passed the whole night by Veronica's couch, as her old friend had done. He had contented himself with sending a nurse, and promising to come again in the early morning. This promise he had kept. Mr. Plew shook his head in answer to the physician's question.

"I hope they'll catch the villain," said the physician.

Mr. Plew at that moment had no thought or care for Cesare's punishment. His whole soul seemed to hang upon the prostrate form from which the life was ebbing with every breath.

"The magistrate will be here by-and-by," said the doctor.

"She must not be disturbed!" said Mr. Plew. "She must not be tortured."

The physician slightly shrugged his shoulders, and looked at the sleeper with a cool compassion in his face. "They must not delay very long, if they want to see her alive. The end is near," said he.

Mr. Plew remained perfectly still, watching her face, from which he did not withdraw his eyes for a moment, even in addressing the other man. His hands were folded together on his breast. In his heart he was praying that she might regain consciousness, and recognize him, before the end.

"O Lord, may this grace be vouchsafed to me!"

So ran his prayer.

Mr. Plew was not unskilled in his own science, and he did not pray for her recovery. That, thought he, would be a miracle. A man can not hope for a miracle. It did not occur to him that any special answer to special prayer must be miraculous. The human heart is complex and illogical, and deduces many contradictory inferences from the simplest premise. Half an hour passed. Then there came a ring at the door, which sounded with painful metallic vibrations through the hushed house.

"I will go down and see them," said the physician, divining who the early visitors must be, and not sorry to leave a scene in which he could be of no use.

"She must not be disturbed," said Mr. Plew, still without moving or changing the fixed direction of his glance. The other nodded, and noiselessly left the room. The hired nurse sat, with closed eyes, in a chair in a distant corner of the room. She was not fully asleep; but she took a measure of repose in the half-waking fashion rendered familiar by her avocations. There was a muffled sound of feet below; the closing of a door—then all was still.

Suddenly the surgeon's gaze, instead of looking on closed, violet-tinted eyelids, with their heavy black fringe, met a pair of wide-open, haggard eyes, that looked strange, but not wild: there was speculation in them.

"Mr. Plew!"

The whispered sound of his own uncouth name was like music in his ears. All the night she had been calling on Cesare, begging him to save her from *that other;* imploring him to give her a drink of water; appointing an hour for him to meet her in the Villa Reale; always associating him with some terror or trouble. She had spoken in Italian; but her husband's name, and one or two other words, had sufficed to give the watcher an idea of the images that filled her poor fevered brain.

"My dearest," he answered.

She feebly moved her hand, and he took it in his own. She closed her eyes for a moment, as though to signify that that was what she had desired him to do.

Then she opened her eyes again, and looking at him with a terrible, wide stare, whispered, "Shall I die?"

His heart was wrung with a bitter agony as he saw her plaintive, pleading face, full of the vague terror of a frightened child. He pressed her hand gently, and stroked the matted hair from her forehead. He tried to speak comfort to her. But it was in vain. He *could* not tell her a lie.

"Don't let me die! I am very young. *Can't* I get better? Oh, can't I get better? I am so afraid! Keep me with you. Hold my hand. Don't let me die!"

"Veronica! My only love! Be calm! Have pity on me."

"Oh, but I am afraid. It is so dreadful to—to—die!"

She hid her face against his hand, and moaned and murmured a little incoherently.

"Our Father, have mercy upon her!" sobbed the surgeon. Even as he sobbed he was careful to suppress the convulsive heaving of his chest, as far as it was in his power to command it, lest it should shake the hand she clung to.

Again she moved her head enough to enable her to look up at him. "You are good," she said. "You can pray. God will hear you. Will he?—will he hear you? Oh yes, yes; you and Maud. You and Maud—you and— Do you see that tombstone in St. Gildas's graveyard? I dreamed once that I was going to marry you, and *he* started out from behind the tombstone to prevent it. That was a dream. But the tombstone is there: white, all white on the turf. Don't you see it?"

"Veronica! Do you hear me?"

"Yes—Mr. Plew. Poor Mr. Plew! He loved me. Was it you?"

"I loved you. I love you. Listen! Do you think you can pray?"

"O-h-h-h! I'm afraid! But if you say—if you say it—I will try."

He uttered a short prayer.

"Do you forgive all those who have done you wrong?"

"Forgive! I am very sorry. I *am* sorry. I hope they will forgive me. Yes: I forgive."

"My darling, let me kiss you. You are not in pain?"

"N-no. It is so dark now! That old yew-tree shades the window too much. But we shall go away where there is more light, sha'n't we? We won't stay here."

"We will go where there is more light, my treasure. Lean your dear head on my arm, beloved. So. You are not frightened now?"

"Not frightened now; tired—so tired! How dark the yew-tree makes the window! Ah!"

She gave a long, quivering sigh, and dropped her head quite down upon his hand.

When they came to see if the sufferer could be spoken to, they found him standing, rigid, with her fingers clasped in his. He raised his hand to warn them to be silent as they entered.

"She must not be disturbed!" he whispered.

"Disturbed!" echoed the physician, advancing hastily. "She will never be disturbed more. My dear Sir, you must compose yourself. I feel for your grief. You were evidently much attached to the unfortunate lady. But there is no more to be done—she is dead!"

* * * * * * *

Several years later there arrived in Leghorn, from the United States, an Italian—a Sicilian he called himself—who was supposed by those who understood such matters to be mixed up with certain political movements, of a republican tendency, in the South. He was an agent of Mazzini, said one. He was a rich adventurer, who had been a filibuster, said another. He was a mere chevalier d'industrie, declared a third, and the speaker remembered his face in more than one capital of Europe. Doubtless he had been attracted to the neighborhood of Florence by its recent elevation to the rank of a metropolis. Or it might be that he had made New York too hot to hold him.

One night there was a disturbance at a low café in Leghorn, near the port, frequented chiefly by Greek sailors. A man was stabbed to the heart, and his assassin, a certain Greek of infamous character, named Polyopolis, was condemned to the galleys for life.

Of the murdered man little was known. The landlord of the café deposed that he had entered his house together with the Greek, the latter seeming more boastfully insolent and elated than was his wont; that he (the landlord), perceiving that the stranger was of a different class to the generality of his customers, was induced by curiosity to pay some attention to his conversation (in other words, to listen at the door of the miserable room occupied by the Greek); that he had heard the two men quarreling, and the Greek especially insisting on a large sum of money, reiterating over and over again that twenty thousand francs was a cheap price to let him off at. He supposed there had been a struggle, for he had soon heard a scuffling noise, and the voice of Polyopolis crying out that he should not serve him as he had served his wife! He had got assistance, and broken open the door. The stranger was dead: stabbed to the heart. Che vuole? Pazienza! Polyopolis had tried to escape by the window, but was too great a coward to jump. So they caught him. That was all he knew. Ecco!

The murdered man was known in Leghorn as Cesare Cesarini. But there was more than one distinguished noble who could have given a different name to him. But they never thought of doing so. The man was dead. There had been sundry unpleasant circumstances connected with his history. And would it not have been exceedingly *inconvenable* to stir up such disagreeable recollections, to the annoyance of a really illustrious Neapolitan family, who had become quite the leaders of society since their influx of wealth from the sale of some property to an English company that afterward went to smash?

Che, che! let by-gones be by-gones!

So Cesare de' Barletti sleeps in a pauper's grave, and his own people know his name no more.

Maud was not told of Veronica's tragic fate until some weeks after her marriage—her husband feeling that it would cast a deep gloom over the early brightness of their wedded life. Her grief, when she knew the truth, was sincere and intense. And her only consolation was—as she often said to the poor surgeon—to know that her dear girl had died with his loving hand in hers, and had not been quite lonely and abandoned at the last.

The vicar's affliction was more demonstrative, but briefer, than Maud's. He soon had troubles enough in the present to prevent his brooding over the past. His young wife speedily discovered the anomalous nature of her position: not received by the gentry, and looked on with cold jealousy by those of her own class. She became fretful and slatternly, and turned out to have a shrewish tongue, and to be energetic in the using of it. And her vulgar family established themselves in the vicarage, and lorded it over the vicar as only the callousness of vulgarity can.

Old Joanna left her old master with regret. But, as she said, she could not stand being crowed over by Mrs. Meggitt. The faithful old woman went to live with Mrs. Hugh Lockwood, whose children—especially a bright-eyed little girl, named Veronica—she spoiled with supreme satisfaction to herself, and under the delusion that her discipline was Spartan in its rigor.

Miss Turtle inherited a trifling legacy from a bachelor uncle, who was a tradesman in London; on the strength of which legacy she set up a day-school for the children of small shop-keepers, and such persons. As she was very gentle, very honest, and very industrious, she prospered. She never married; and she and Mr. Plew continued fast friends to the end of their days.

Of the little surgeon—if these pages have succeeded in portraying him as he was—it need not be said that his life continued to be one of humble usefulness and activity. He was never merry, and seldom—to outward observation at least—sad. Once a year he made a pilgrimage to London, where he visited a lonely tomb in a suburban cemetery. But of these visits he never spoke.

And it was observed in him that, while he was always kind and gentle to all children, he was especially attached to one of Maud's little girls. But he always gave her the uncouth name she had bestowed upon herself in her baby efforts to talk—Wonca!—and he never called her Veronica!

THE END.

HAND-SHAKING.

How did people first get into the habit of shaking hands? The answer is not far to seek. In early and barbarous times, when every savage or semi-savage was his own lawgiver, judge, soldier, and policeman, and had to watch over his own safety, in default of all other protection, two friends or acquaintances, or two strangers desiring to be friends or acquaintances, when they chanced to meet, offered each to the other the right hand—the hand alike of offense and defense, the hand that wields the sword, the dagger, the club, the tomahawk, or other weapon of war. Each did this to show that the hand was empty, and that neither war nor treachery was intended. A man can not well stab another while he is engaged in the act of shaking hands with him, unless he be a double-dyed traitor and villain, and strives to aim a cowardly blow with the left, while giving the right and pretending to be on good terms with his victim. The custom of hand-shaking prevails, more or less, among all civilized nations, and is the tacit avowal of friendship and good-will, just as the kiss is of a warmer passion.

Ladies, as every one must have remarked, seldom or never shake hands with the cordiality of gentlemen; unless it be with each other. The reason is obvious. It is for them to receive homage, not to give it. They can not be expected to show to persons of the other sex a warmth of greeting which might be misinterpreted, unless such persons are very closely related to them by family or affection; in which cases hand-shaking is not needed, and the lips do more agreeable duty.

Some people are too "robustious" to be altogether pleasant. They take the offered hand with the grasp of a vice, and as if they had, with malice prepense, resolved to squeeze all the delicate little bones of your knuckles into pulp or mincemeat. And while the tears of agony come into your eyes, and run down your cheeks, they smile at you benignantly, like gentle giants, unconscious of their strength, and of the tyranny with which they exercise it. Many of them are truly good fellows, and mean all the cordiality of which their awful squeeze is the manifestation. They would exert all the strength that goes to waste in such hand-shaking in rescuing you from danger, if you were in it, or in doing battle against your enemies, if you were assailed by superior numbers. Yet when such seemingly cordial good fellows manifest the same cordiality toward people whom they met for the first time yesterday, and toward those with whom they may have been intimate for a half or a quarter of a century, it is impossible to avoid a suspicion that they act from habit, rather than from the ebullition of heart. But of all the men to be avoided, he who squeezes your hand in this excruciating fashion, on a false pretense, is the worst. He dislocates your joints to convince you that he loves you very dearly, and as soon as you are out of sight forgets you, or thinks that you are no "great shakes" after all, or, worse still, abuses you behind your back to the next acquaintance whom he meets. Him, in his turn, he serves in the same manner, and gradually establishes for himself the character, which he well deserves, of being a snob and a humbug of a particularly offensive type.

Another, and even more odious kind of hand-shaker, is he who offers you his hand, but will not permit you to get fair hold of it; one of whom it has been sung:

> "With finger tip he condescends
> To touch the fingers of his friends,
> As if he feared their palms might brand
> Some moral stigma on his hand."

To be treated with the cool contempt or supercilious scorn which such a mode of salutation implies, is worse than not to be saluted at all. Better a foeman, with whom you feel on terms of equality, than an acquaintance—he can not be called a friend—who looks down upon you as if he were a superior being, and will not admit your social equality without a drawback and a discount. It sometimes happens, however, that this result is due to the diffidence of the shakee rather than to the pride of the shaker. If a timid man will not hold his hand out far enough to enable another to grasp it fairly, it is his own fault, and betrays a weakness in his own character, and not a defect in that of him who would be friendly with him.

Another hand-shaker whose method is intolerable, and with whom it is next to impossible to remain on friendly terms, is the one who offers you one finger instead of the tips of the whole five, as much as to say, I am either too preoccupied in myself, or think too little of you, to give you my whole hand. With such a man the interchange of any but the barest and scantiest courtesy is rendered difficult by any one who has a particle of self-respect.

To shake hands without removing the glove is an act of discourtesy, which, if unintentional and thoughtless, requires an apology for the hurry or inadvertence which led to it. This idea would also seem to be an occult remnant of the old notion that the glove might conceal a weapon. Hence true courtesy and friendship required that the hand should be naked as a proof of bonâ fides.

To refuse pointedly to shake hands with one who offers you the opportunity in a friendly manner amounts to a declaration of hostility. And after a quarrel—or act of open hostility—the acceptance of the hand offered is alike the sign and the ratification of peace.

The nations of continental Europe are scarcely so much addicted to hand-shaking as the English, while the English in this respect are far less demonstrative and apparently cordial than the Americans, who shake hands with one another from morning to night, if even the slightest excuse or opportunity arises. "Since my arrival in the United States," wrote the late Mr. Smith O'Brien, "I have been surrounded by crowds of well-wishers, whose greatest desire seemed to be to shake hands with me. In Ireland this practice does not prevail, but here it seems to be a universal custom."

One of the greatest penalties attached to the by no means enviable office of President is the stupendous amount of hand-shaking which that functionary has to undergo. The late good-natured President Lincoln was a serious sufferer, though it must be confessed that he often took his revenge and gave some too importunate hand-shakers such squeezes of his powerful grasp as made them remember him with pain for a few hours after the infliction of his cordiality. Both he and other occupants of his uneasy and thankless office have, on New-Year's Day especially, and on many other occasions, to undergo an amount of hand-shaking sufficient almost to wrench the arm off, or at least to make it ache for a fortnight afterward. Five or six thousand people of all rank and classes of men, from the polite European embassadors and diplomatic agents at Washington, and the legislators, bankers, merchants, lawyers, newspaper editors and reporters, the military and naval officers, down to the common soldiers and sailors, and, lower still, down to the very roughs of the street, who are all admitted without the intervention of a Gold Stick or any other kind of stick, or a Black or a White Rod, or any kind of usher or introduction, and in any costume they please, even in that of the navvy with his heavy boots and his working-jacket, or the sweep with the soot still on his face (though it must be admitted as a rule that the rowdies, the sweeps, and the navvies put on their best clothes on such great occasions), pass through the reception-hall, each of them expecting to shake hands with the chief magistrate.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Plymouth Church, of Brooklyn, and its earnest, enthusiastic pastor, are well known throughout the country. And the fact that on the beautiful Sabbath that ushered in the month of May ninety-eight persons united with that church, is of interest to many outside the immense throng present on that occasion. The first Sunday in May has been regarded as a sacred and joyful anniversary in Plymouth Church since about eleven years ago, when two hundred individuals together made a public profession of their Christian faith. On this last May morning the platform, which is the pastor's pulpit, was fragrant with the choicest flowers, arranged in elegant vases and massive stands, while a double border of mosses and trailing arbutus encircled the entire platform. Some of the flowers were sent as a memorial of loved friends "not lost, but gone before," to whom the day had been a personal anniversary. The extremes of life were represented in those who joined the church that day: one of the ninety-eight was but ten years old, and another eighty. Henry Ward Beecher has been for twenty-three years pastor of Plymouth Church, which now numbers over two thousand members. Between five and six thousand have been at different times connected with the church, many of whom, scattered throughout the country, remember with interest occasions similar to the one to which we have alluded. Not long ago it was stated in a certain newspaper that Mr. Beecher's congregation was largely composed of strangers, who were drawn thither by curiosity. Doubtless a large proportion of the hundreds who found it impossible to find entrance to the church on the 1st of May were strangers, and hundreds of strangers go there every Sunday. But the great mass are regular attendants. The large lecture-room, at the weekly Friday evening meetings, is often filled to overflowing, even as the church is on the Sabbath.

The registry of the Bethel Mission Sabbath-school, which is sustained by Plymouth Church, shows a membership of nearly one thousand teachers and scholars; and there is a regular attendance of between seven and eight hundred. During the winter there has been a series of attractive entertainments at the Bethel one evening each week; and these, with the Free Reading-room, and evening schools for boys, draw many from the dangers of idle evening hours in the streets of a great city.

We notice the statement in an exchange that over one hundred young women are studying law in different sections of the country; some in universities, but more in lawyers' offices, where many are able to pay their tuition fees by writing.

Finely crystallized iceland or rhombic spar has the property of doubly refracting the rays of light, and is much employed in making optical instruments for polarizing light. Perfectly transparent pieces are rare and valuable, and American opticians have usually supplied themselves from abroad. It is said, however, to abound in Rockingham County, Virginia.

Advertising is an immense convenience; in proof of which is the following, clipped from a foreign exchange: "Wanted, on Tuesday evening next, a handsome, tall, and highly respectable unmarried gentleman, to escort a young lady to an entertainment. Address, inclosing carte, Constance, Post-office, St. Heliers."

The Central Park omnibuses are extensively patronized, and have really proved a decided success. They can be found now at both the Fifth and Eighth Avenue entrances; and for twenty-five cents one can make a very delightful tour of the Park.

Night should be consecrated to sleep. The better the sleep, the greater the probability of longevity. The amount necessary for reinvigoration depends upon the age, habits, and constitution of the individual. A person who thinks but little is always in a sort of torpor; but after vigorous mental effort sleep is even more necessary than after bodily labor. To be refreshed by sleep one should have an abundance of pure air, the stomach should not be loaded, and all anxious and harassing thoughts should be laid aside.

Never quarrel with your wife—is the advice of some sage benedict—for you will only have to make it up, and pay for the reconciliation in the shape of a season ticket to the Opera, a trip to the Springs, a silk dress, or a Cashmere shawl!

Seven American ladies are engaged as sculptors in Rome at the present time—Misses Hosmer, Whitney, Lewis (colored), Freeman, Stebbins, Foley, and Virginia Ream. Miss Lewis has received orders from the Marquis of Bute for works from her chisel. The Marquis is a nobleman of great wealth and influence, and is a well-known patron of art.

Eighteen hundred and seventy-one and eighteen hundred and seventy-two will be rendered notable by a great polar expedition, for which preparations are now being made in Sweden. It is to be under the direction of Professor Nordenskjold, the celebrated scientific leader of the Swedish expedition of 1868; and the Professor intends to proceed to Greenland this summer to purchase dogs for the sledges, and procure some necessary information.

Christine Nilsson has made an engagement with M. Maurice Strakosch for one hundred representations in America. The third of September is fixed as the date of her departure from Europe. The proceeds of her farewell performance in Paris she generously gave to the Artists' Fund.

People who "can't imagine what ails them," have now a chance of making discoveries. A celebrated Russian surgeon, Dr. Millo, has invented a method of illuminating the interior of the living human body with the aid of a concentrated beam of electric light. The workings of the mortal machine are rendered as perceptible as if it was made of glass. Whether *thoughts* are "brought to light" by this means, does not yet appear.

"Sir," inquired a minister of a well-known lawyer, with whom he was conversing, "do you ever make any mistakes in pleading?"

"Certainly," replied the man of law.

"And what do you do with the mistakes?" said the minister.

"Why, Sir, if large ones, I mend them; if small ones, I let them go," said the lawyer. "And pray, Sir, do *you* ever make mistakes in preaching?"

"Yes, Sir, I have."

"And what do *you* do with the mistakes?"

"Why, Sir, I dispose of them in the same manner you do—I rectify the large ones, and pass the small ones. Not long since," continued he, "as I was preaching, I meant to observe that the devil was the father of *liars;* but made a mistake, and said the father of *lawyers*. The mistake was so small that I let it go."

The divorce courts would make much of a certain law passed in England in 1770, if it could be re-enacted now. This is it: "Any person who shall by means of rouge or of blanc, of perfumes, of essences, of artificial teeth, of false hair, of coton Espagnol, of steel stays or hoops, of high-heeled shoes, or of false hips, entice any of his Majesty's male subjects into marriage, shall be prosecuted for sorcery, and the marriage shall be declared null and void."

An old-fashioned American, after having viewed the beauties of the Rhine without extraordinary raptures, was asked his opinion of it. "Wa'al, Sir," said he, "it's not so grand as our North River. We hain't got them old castles, to be sure; but our water's as broad and our rocks air twice as big and mostly perpendic'lar." It being remarked that the ruins on the Rhine were extremely picturesque, he coolly replied, "Wa'al, I shouldn't wonder if our builders could put us up a few if we offered them the contract; but our people don't deal much in ruins, that's a fact; and when you come to think of it, you can't say there's much use in 'em."

Harriet Hosmer has received an order from the children of Edward Everett for a monument of bronze and red sandstone, to be placed in Mount Auburn Cemetery.

Ever since the city passenger cars have been running in Baltimore, colored people, though paying the same fare as others, have been compelled to ride upon the front platform. No seats were provided, and only the roof overhead protected from storms. This matter has been recently brought into the United States Circuit Court, where it was explicitly declared that there must be an equality of accommodations provided for all classes. Consequently the railroad authorities have provided separate cars on the several lines for colored people. It is, however, predicted that white people will prefer availing themselves of these cars to waiting for others, provided white people are to be "*allowed*" in those reserved for colored people!

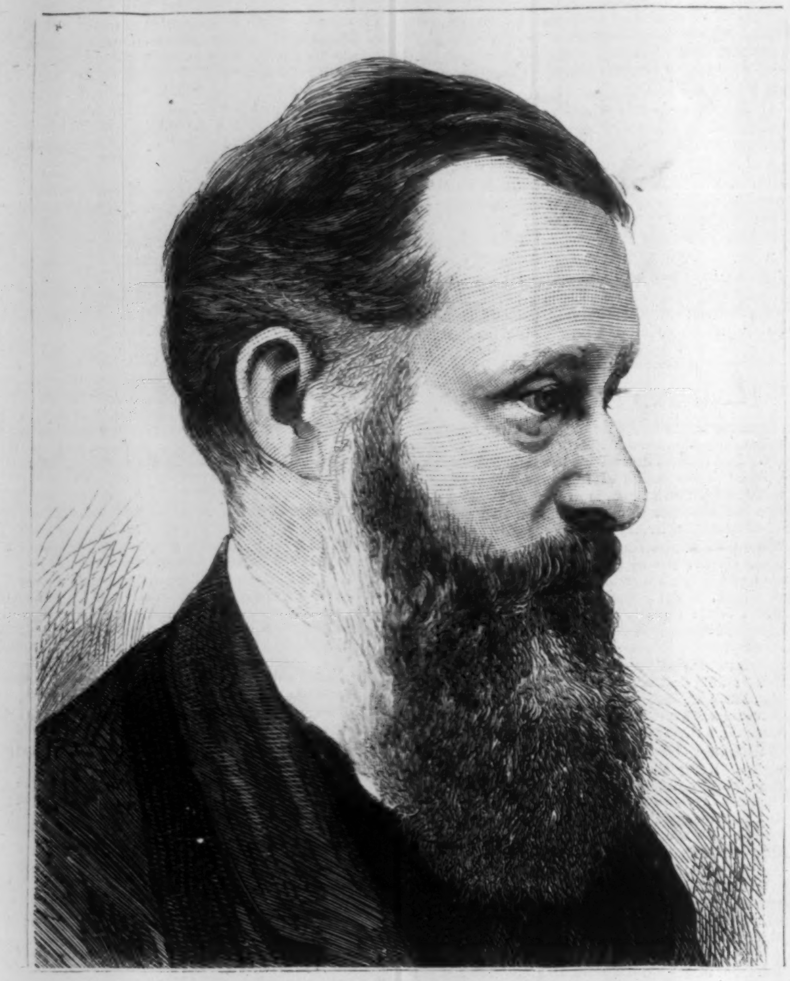
Since the fourteenth birthday of the Prince Imperial of France his signature to every act relating to the government of his household is as valid as if he were twice as old. He is said to be a lovable boy, with many good qualities to outweigh the prominent defect of character—a haughtiness which is not always concealed by the habitual politeness of address taught by education. He is well informed on general subjects, as, of course, he should be. When quite a baby he was taken by the Empress to be presented to the inhabitants of Bordeaux; and in consequence of a shock given to his nerves by the sudden firing of a cannon at that time, until last year, even the firing of a pistol would cause him to turn pale, while the tears ran down his cheeks in spite of the self-command which prevented him from uttering any exclamation indicative of the annoyance it gave him. His growing strength and the judicious treatment have enabled him to overcome the most trying of the symptoms; but although *fear* at the shock has departed, the dislike which seeks avoidance still remains.

Somebody suggests that the marriage service should now be changed to read, "Who dares take this woman?" And the groom can then answer, "I dare"—if he feels courageous enough when the crisis comes.

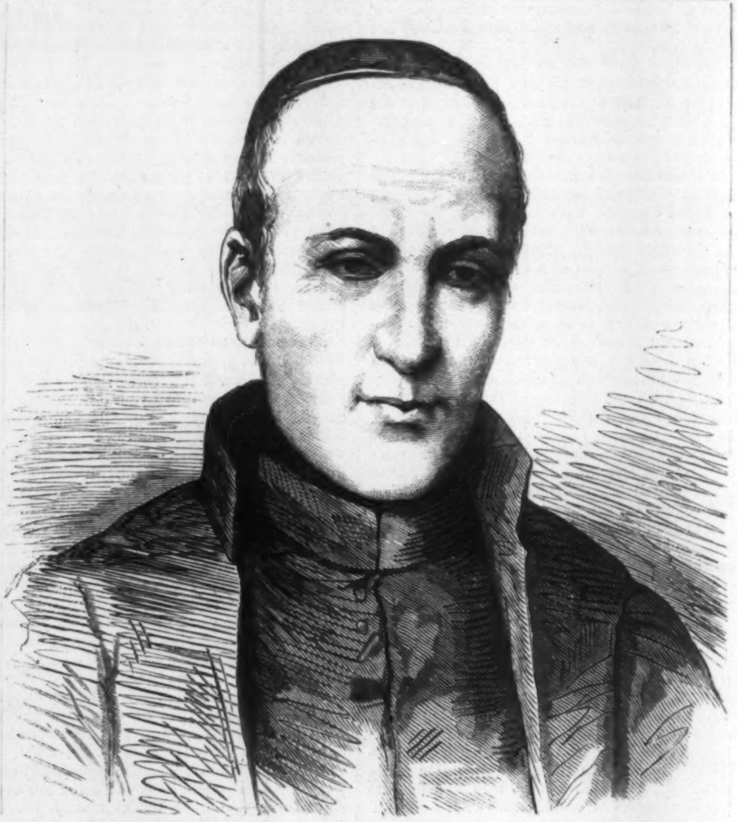
Last April Wagner's great opera, "Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg," was performed for the first time in the Berlin Opera-House. Not an available spot in the house was unoccupied, and hundreds applied for tickets in vain. The interest in the piece was of course heightened by the conflicting opinions which prevail in the musical world on the merit of Wagner's operatic compositions. The task of bringing the "Meistersinger" before the public was any thing but easy, no less than forty-four rehearsals having been judged necessary. On the whole, the execution was exceedingly good, and the whole performance was well received. The "Meistersinger" is Wagner's first attempt at comic opera; and those who know him only through his graver compositions can not but wonder at the versatility of his powers.

It is rumored that Ristori, having a young and beautiful daughter to provide for matrimonially, and thinking that it will be a good means of furthering her object to have a local habitation as well as a name, is about to leave the stage, and, as Marchioness del Grillo, settle in her native land.

One of the games much appreciated by the Emperor of France is that of *Les Définitions*, at which he has made the Prince Imperial as great an adept as himself, while the Empress has never been able to master the mysteries of its construction. One night great laughter was created in the imperial circle by the question propounded by M. Laferrière: "What is a usurer?" "An unlawful banker," replied the Emperor, quickly. "Then what is a banker?" asked the Empress, in some surprise, as the laughter went round. "Why, a lawful usurer, to be sure!" replied the Emperor, amidst a paroxysm of merriment, as the circle of the Tuileries does not exclude bankers, and there were two of the fraternity present at the moment, who joined in the laugh, notwithstanding the pointed nature of the joke.



THE RIGHT HONORABLE W. E. FORSTER, M.P.



THE REV. FATHER BECKX, GENERAL OF THE SOCIETY OF JESUITS.

WILLIAM E. FORSTER, M.P.

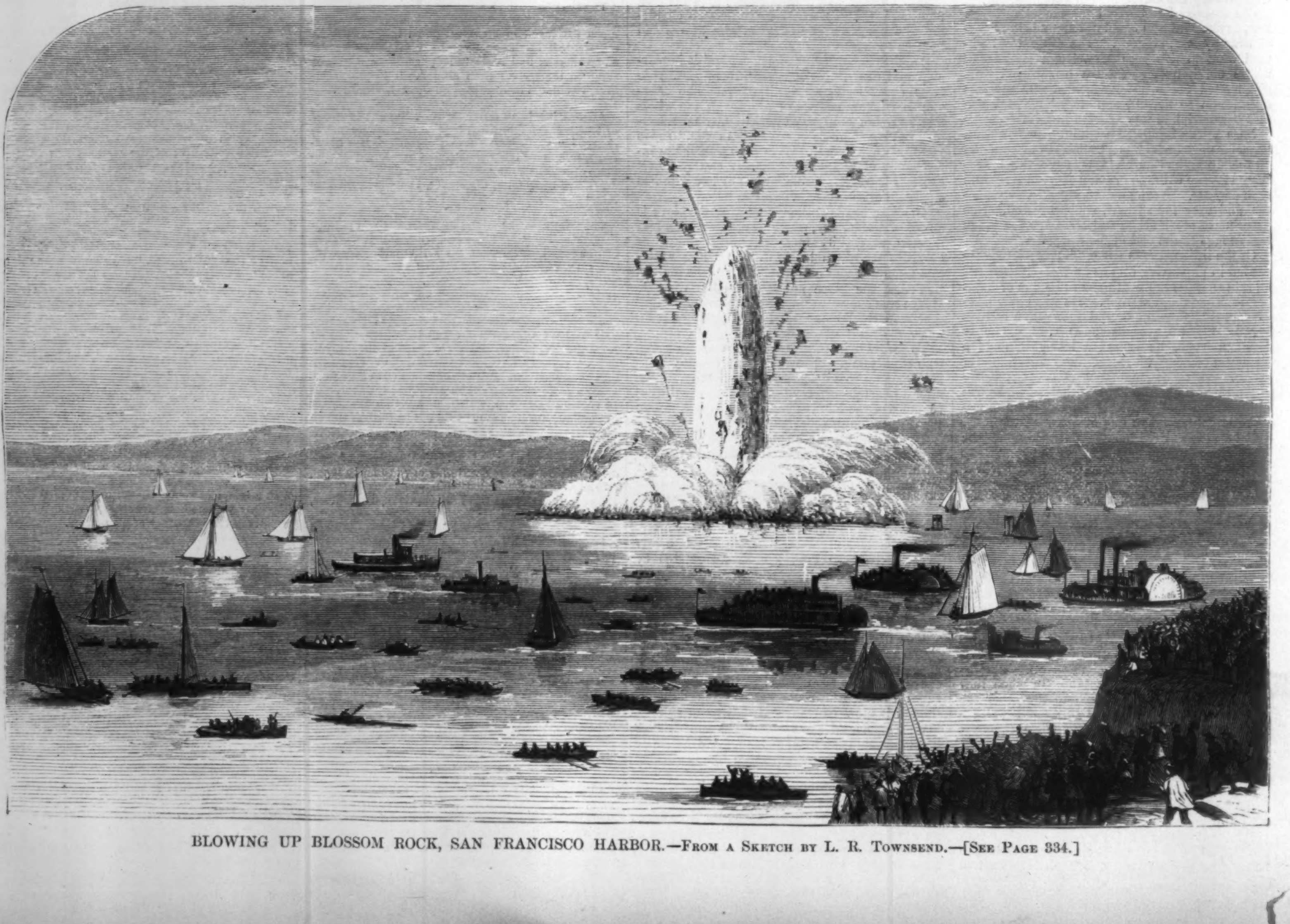
This distinguished English statesman, who has peculiar claims to the respect of Americans, was the son of William Forster, a minister of the society of Friends, and was born at Bradpole, Dorsetshire, England, July 11, 1818. He was educated at Tottenham, in the school belonging to his society, and afterward settled at Bradford as a worsted manufacturer. In April, 1859, he was an unsuccessful candidate for Parliament at Leeds; but in February, 1861, he was returned for Bradford, for which borough he has continued to sit. In politics he is what is termed a "Philosophical Radical," and by his great ability has won for himself a foremost position in his party.

Mr. **Forster** has made his mark in Parliament less by oratorical eloquence—for he is not what is generally termed an eloquent speaker—than by his thorough mastery of the subjects with which he dealt, and by his power, so valuable in debate, of being able to convince waverers, if not convert opponents. A memorable instance of this occurred in the important debate on the blockade of our Southern ports early in the war, when the English government, sore pressed by the opposition argument that the blockade was but a paper one, and ought therefore to be disregarded, was saved by the timely rising of Mr. **Forster**, who, with hard facts admirably arranged and well argued, knocked the paper theory to pieces, and saved the ministry from what would probably have led to war between England and America. Mr. **Forster** holds an honorable position in the Cabinet—that of Vice-President of the Committee of Council on Education, which he is well fitted to occupy by training, sound judgment on the matter of national education, and general acquaintance with the requirements of the working-classes.

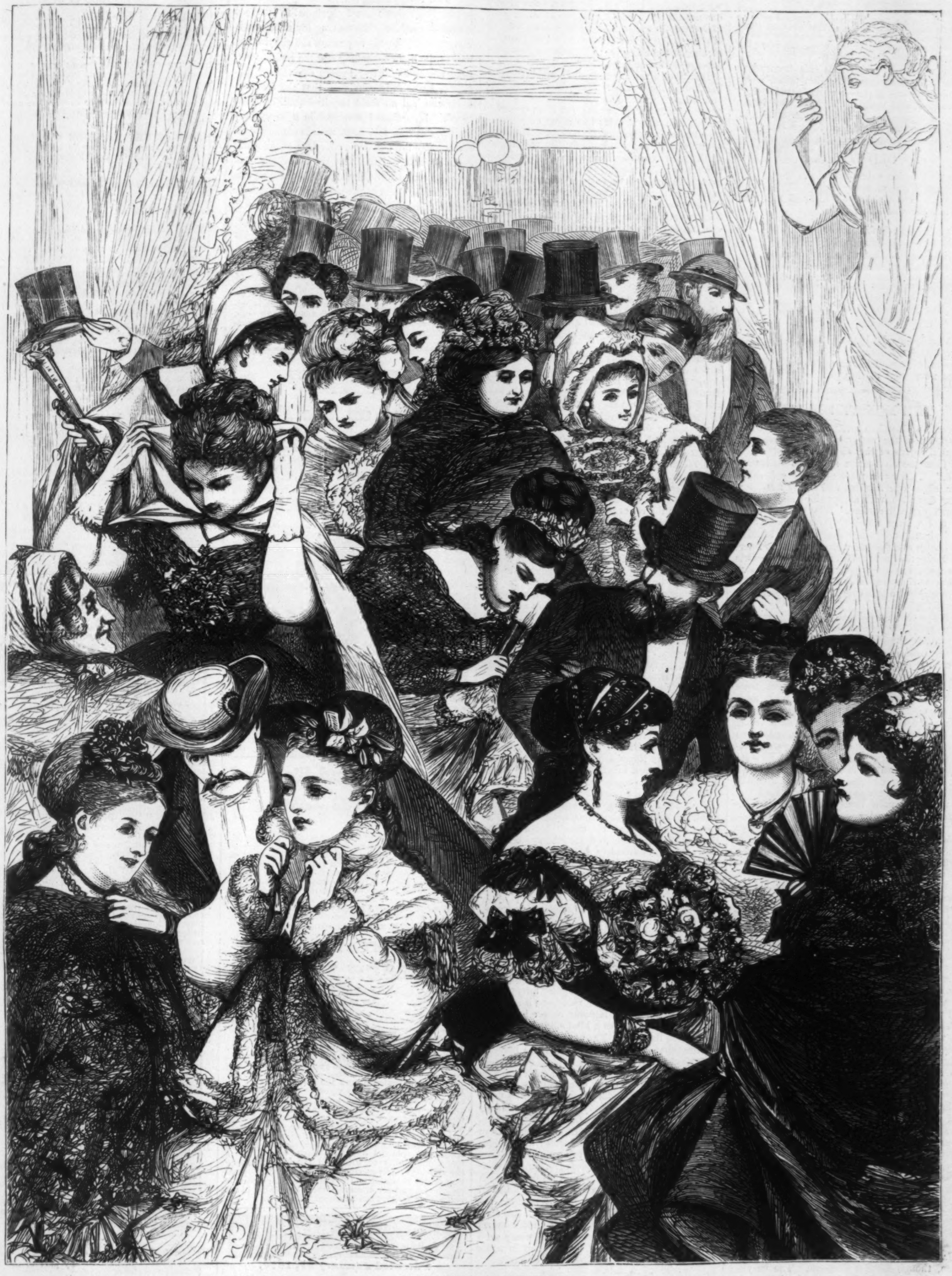
THE JESUIT GENERAL.

As every thing connected with the powerful society of Jesuits derives new interest at present from their influence on the great questions now before the Œcumenical Council, we give this week the portrait of the Rev. Father **Beckx**, who has been their General since his election in 1853. The General of this society is second only to the Pope in ecclesiastical importance. He is invested with almost absolute power, restrained only by the admonitions of a Monitor, whose duty it is to observe his conduct and actions, and by a sort of council, consisting of five assistants, appointed by the general congregation, whose advice he is bound to seek on all important occasions.

The operations of this powerful society embrace every part of the world, and are carried on by means of the most intricate and ingenious machinery ever contrived by man. The society is divided into five classes: 1st. Professed Members (*Professi*); 2d, Spiritual Coadjutors; 3d, Lay Coadjutors; 4th, Approved Pupils; 5th, The Novices. The professed members constitute the governing body of the society, and take upon themselves a fourth vow to go as missionaries wherever the Pope may send them. The spiritual coadjutors take the three vows of chastity, poverty, and obedience, but not the fourth. The approved pupils are students accepted after a novitiate of two years, and on taking the three vows. In this second stage of his ecclesiastical



BLOWING UP BLOSSOM ROCK, SAN FRANCISCO HARBOR.—From a Sketch by L. R. Townsend.—[See Page 334.]



AFTER THE MATINEE.

training, the pupils sometimes devote fifteen years, or even more, to study and teaching. At the end of this period they may take the fourth vow in regard to missions. They are prohibited from accepting ecclesiastical honors unless by direct command of the sovereign pontiff; and their whole life must have but one aim—the advancement of the order to which they are attached. The Jesuit is not allowed to accumulate personal wealth, but is obliged to labor incessantly to increase the wealth, power, and influence of the society. This entire self-abnegation is the secret of the success of the Jesuits as an order.

From his residence in Rome the General directs the movements of the society in every part of the world, by means of a system in which the art of *espionage* is brought to perfection. Every month or every quarter he receives reports from the heads of all subordinate departments; and every third year the catalogues of every province, with detailed reports on the capacity and conduct of every member, are laid before him. Besides this, the most active correspondence is maintained with all parts of the world, in order to supply the officers of the society with the information they require. In the central house at Rome are kept voluminous registers, in which are inscribed the names of all Jesuits, of their adherents, and of all the considerable persons, whether friends or enemies, with whom they have any connection. In these registers, we are told, "are reported, without alteration, without hatred, without passion, the facts relating to the life of each individual. It is the most gigantic biographical collection that has ever been formed. The frailties of a woman, the secret errors of a statesman, are chronicled in these books with the same cold impartiality. Drawn up for the purpose of being useful, these biographies are necessarily exact. When the Jesuits wish to influence an individual, they have but to turn to these volumes to know immediately his life, his character, his faults, his family, his friends, his most secret ties." By the use of such machinery the order has attained its high position and wide-spread influence.

In EUGENE SUE's powerful novel, "The Wandering Jew," there is a remarkable scene between the Marquis D'Aigrigny, General of the order of Jesuits, who once had held a command in the French army, and his former mistress. The Marquis is lamenting that he had never been able to attain to the complete abnegation demanded by the order. She replies:

> "No doubt, Frederic, such renunciations are painful—but, in return, what influence! what power!"
>
> "True," said the Marquis, after a moment's silence; "what would one not sacrifice to rule, in secret, over the mighty of the earth who seem to rule openly! This journey to Rome, that I have just made, has given me a new idea of our formidable power."
>
> "Oh yes! that power is great, very great," said the Princess; "and the more formidable and sure because it acts mysteriously on the mind and the conscience."
>
> "Listen, Herminia!" said the Marquis: "I have had under my orders a magnificent regiment. Often have I felt the vigorous and deep enjoyment of command. At my voice my cavaliers were all in motion, the trumpets sounded—my officers, glittering with gold embroidery, flew to repeat my orders—and when

all those brave and ardent soldiers, marked with the scars of battle, thus followed a sign from me, I felt myself proud and strong, holding in my hand, as it were, the courage that I could wield at will, even as I could control my fiery war-horse. Well, in spite of our evil days, I now feel myself a thousand times stronger and more powerful, at the head of this black and mute militia, which thinks, wills, acts, obeys, the passive instruments of my designs."

The man who now wields this tremendous power is a quiet, refined Belgian priest, about seventy-five years of age—a man of great energy, shrewdness, and practical wisdom. He is the twenty-second man who has held the position of General since the foundation of the order.

OLD LOVES.

WALKING beside a brook to-day,
By the plains of sunny June,
I thought of the girl who had loved me once,
When life was all in tune.

Gazing into the brook, I saw
Her face as it looked of old;
The smiling lips that were rosy once,
With kisses that now are cold.

Listening beside the brook, I heard
Her laugh and quick replies;
Sparkling within its sheen, I saw
The light of her glorious eyes.

Stooping beside the brook, I said,
"O brook, with song and whirl,
You can bring me back all my old vain dream,
But never that darling girl!"

THE MONSTER BLAST.

OUR San Francisco artist sends us a spirited illustration of the monster blast by which the beautiful harbor of that city was recently delivered from the obstruction known as "Blossom Rock." This was a mass of rather soft sandstone, about one hundred and eighty feet long, ninety feet wide, with abrupt sides and a comparatively smooth surface. It lay near the channel, and a large number of vessels have been wrecked on it, notwithstanding its exact location was known and marked with a buoy. At intervals during the past twelve or fifteen years efforts have been made by government engineers to either remove the rock or reduce its size, so as to allow ships to pass over it; but every attempt ended in failure.

About a year ago Colonel A. W. VON SCHMIDT was awarded the contract for the removal of this dangerous obstruction to the navigation of the harbor. A coffer-dam was ingeniously constructed on the surface of the rock, and within this shelter a shaft was sunk to the depth of twelve feet, and from the bottom tunnels were run in every direction. The loose rock, as it was cut out, was hoisted up and, by means of an immense crane, swung off into deep water. The excavation, when completed, resembled an immense bake-oven. Its dimensions were as follows: Extreme length, 132 feet; width, 60 feet; height at the shaft, 12 feet; the lowest point, 3 feet; the thickness of the crust or shell, about 10 feet 6 inches, as near as could be estimated.

Into this chamber twenty-three tons of California blasting powder were packed in barrels, and connected by wires with a battery placed on a scow one thousand yards distant from the rock. Saturday, the 23d of April, was fixed as the day for the blast; and for days previous it was the sole theme of conversation in San Francisco. All manner of conjectures were indulged in. Some people thought it would shake the city like an earthquake; others that every vessel in the bay would suffer more or less damage, and that not a fish within a radius of five miles would be alive after the explosion. When the day arrived every wharf whence the rock could be seen was covered with spectators. The surface of the bay was dotted with steamers and boats of every description. Every roof commanding a view of the harbor was crowded. Probably fifty thousand people were gathered to witness.

Precisely at two o'clock the blast was ignited, and a magnificent spectacle rewarded the patience of the watchers. A single jet of water, probably twenty feet in diameter, was thrown into the air to the height of nearly 300 feet, while an immense mass, fully 150 feet in length, at first white with foam, and then cream-colored as the spray died out, showing the water discolored with the mud and rock, was lifted to an elevation perhaps a hundred feet less. High above the water could be discovered, flying through the air, pieces of timber and rock, some of which were thrown a distance of a thousand yards. A few seconds later a second explosion took place, and then the agitated waters settled quietly over the spot, and the grand spectacle was ended.

DEAD CALM.

CALMS are quite as natural as storms in the ocean, though far less frequent. The varying heat at the surface of the earth is the main cause of both of them. Trade-winds, monsoons, simooms, siroccos—all depend on the fact that one locality is warmer than another, and that air rushes in from the colder to the warmer regions. The daily rotation of the earth determines the *direction* of some of these winds, but the winds themselves owe their origin to the cause just named. There are two kinds of calms—those which depend permanently on the latitude, and those which result from temporary peculiarities in winds counteractive of each other. The former are far the more important of the two. There is a *region of calms* near the equator. When the sun is in the northern hemisphere (our summer), this region extends as far north as 15° north latitude, with a southeast trade-wind between it and the equator; but when the sun is in the southern hemisphere (our winter), the calms extend nearly from the equator to the latitude of England. Only a small portion of this wide-spreading region is, however, calm at any one time, a belt varying from two to ten degrees of latitude in width. This belt is always north of the equator in the Atlantic, a fact supposed to be due, in some degree, to the relative conformation of Africa and America.

It is often a terrible time while a ship is passing through these calms. If the vessel be a steamer, she can forge along by paddle or screw, whether there be any wind or not; but if an ordinary sailing ship, she remains like a log on the water—her sails almost utterly useless. The temperature in those latitudes is usually very high; and in such cases the mariners are exposed to a fierce heat which there is no escaping. The old navigators, before the days of steam, suffered more from the calms than the go-ahead seamen of the present day, and their narratives contain frequent allusions to these matters. Adamson, who coasted along the west side of Africa about a hundred and twenty years ago, says: "At the time when we were within two hundred leagues of the coast, between seventeen and eighteen degrees of latitude, a calm came on which lasted almost fifteen days, with suffocating heats; it was so still that the ship did not seem to change situation. There is nothing more tiresome than to be in a vessel becalmed, and nothing more dreadful than to be far out at sea when provisions begin to run short."

But the extraordinary part of this phenomenon is the danger which ships sometimes incur of slowly grinding and crushing each other. It is about the very last thing we should expect in vessels lying motionless on the water. Some kind of attraction seems to arise, the nature of which has not been fully ascertained. Captain Basil Hall states that many such instances as the following are known to have occurred. An anxious alarm springs up among the crews when they perceive two ships slowly drifting toward each other. The motion, slow and gentle as it may appear to the eye, becomes irresistible in its force. As the chances are against the two vessels moving exactly in the same direction at the same moment, they must speedily grind or tear each other to pieces. Supposing them to come in contact side by side, the first collision would probably tear away the fore and main chains of both ships by interlacing the lower yards; and entangling the spars of one ship with the shrouds and back-stays of the other, would in all likelihood bring down the masts of both ships—not piecemeal, but in one furious crash. "Beneath the ruins of the spars, the coils of rigging, and the enormous folds of canvas, might be crushed many of the best hands, who, from being always the foremost to spring forward in such seasons of danger, are surest to be sacrificed. After the first catastrophe, the ships would probably drift away from one another for a little while, only to tumble together again and again, till they had ground one another to the water's edge, and one or both of them would fill and go down. In such encounters it is impossible to stop the mischief, and oak and iron break and crumble to pieces like sealing-wax or pie-crust."

Of course we are not to suppose that such terrible disasters are always, or even generally, the result of being becalmed. Only under special circumstances is such the case. More usually, the mariners are able to detect the approach of this very *un*fraternal hug in time to prevent it. They hoist out the boats in readiness, and tow the two ships to a safe distance apart, or, which is generally sufficient, turn the heads in directly opposite positions; seeing that every ship, by its very build, has naturally a tendency to move ahead rather than astern. When there is not a breath of wind to act upon the sails there may still be a slight current in the water beneath; and the sailors have a method of ascertaining in which direction this current tends. They row a boat out to a little distance from the ship, and throw overboard a plummet, weighing forty pounds or so, attached to a line; this they lower to a depth of two hundred fathoms, where it acts (so nearly still is the sea) as a kind of anchor to keep the boat in its place. The boat turns its head in the direction of whatever current there may be, as it would do if anchored.

Nor are we to suppose that the calm latitudes are often absolutely calm, else steamers between English ports and India would espy those fleets of helpless sail almost every time of steaming up and down the Atlantic. Light breezes sometimes blow in the Region of Calms, usually from some point between south and west; and besides this, the calm is commonly interrupted every day by a wind which lasts a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes. Soon after noon a black and well-defined cloud forms near the east, and is followed by a sharp gust of wind for a few minutes, accompanied by a few drops of rain. All this soon clears off, and the calm resumes its monotonous reign. The navigator makes use of every such puff of wind as a godsend, helping him by some short distance across the Region of Calms.

BEWARE OF LEAD POISONS

In the form of liquid washes for the complexion or mineral cosmetics that ruin and shorten life. There is but one way of removing impurity from the complexion, and that is by removing it from the blood. This desideratum is achieved by taking STAFFORD'S IRON AND SULPHUR POWDERS, one element of which infuses new life into the torpid circulation, while the other separates from the blood the infectious principle which causes external eruptions and discolorations, and sends them to the surface with the perspiration, whence they are ejected through the sieve-like structure of the epidermis.

Sold by all druggists. 1 Package, 12 Powders, $1; 3 Packages, $2 50. Mailed free. Money sent at our risk.—HALL & RUCKEL, 218 Greenwich Street, N. Y.

INTERESTING TO LADIES.

"I AM totally blind, and have been from childhood. Some time since I concluded to purchase a sewing machine. In making my selection, it was necessary for me to procure the simplest, as well as the lightest-running and the easiest-managed machine. After testing the various machines, I was fully convinced that the GROVER & BAKER had all these required qualities combined. I purchased one, and in a very short time could hem, fell, tuck, and do all kinds of sewing with the greatest ease. One of the many great advantages I find that the GROVER & BAKER has over all other machines is that you can sew from the finest to the coarsest fabric without change of tension. I cheerfully recommend it to all who desire a first-class machine."—Mrs. RACHEL WOOD, 803 South Ninth Street, Philadelphia.

LOOK AT THE RUINS! Aye, look at the ruins of what once were magnificent sets of teeth, to be seen every where in society. Look at them, and ask yourself if it is not marvelous that such destruction is permitted, when, by simply using SOZODONT, *any teeth, however fragile*, may be preserved from decay or blemish as long as life lasts?—[*Com.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Pimples on the Face.

For Comedones, Black-Worms or Grubs, Pimply Eruptions, and Blotched Disfigurations on the Face, use Perry's Comedone and Pimple Remedy. Depot, 49 Bond Street, N. Y. Sold by all Druggists.

For Moth Patches, Freckles, & Tan,

Use "Perry's Moth and Freckle Lotion." The only reliable and harmless remedy known to science. Prepared by Dr. B. C. PERRY, 49 Bond St., N. Y. Sold by Druggists every where.

PAIN KILLER
PROP.
PERRY DAVIS & SON PROVIDENCE R. I.
1840 1870

THIRTY YEARS is certainly a long enough time to prove the efficacy of any medicine, and that the PAIN KILLER is deserving of all its proprietors claim for it is amply proved by the unparalleled popularity it has attained. It is a SURE and EFFECTIVE remedy. It is sold in almost every country in the world, and is becoming more and more popular every year. Its healing properties have been fully tested all over the world, and it needs only to be known to be prized.

Sold by all Druggists.

The Wear and Tear of Business Life.

The cares and labors of business life are apt to tell severely upon the health and constitution of the ardent, energetic business man, and when the need of some sustaining agent is felt, stimulants that cause only a temporary exhilaration, and leave the system in a state of partial collapse when their first effect has passed off, are too often resorted to. As certainly as fire leaves behind it a residium of ashes, the use of the adulterated liquors of commerce produces premature exhaustion and decay. Touch them not. Tone and regulate the overtaxed vital machinery with

HOSTETTER'S

STOMACH BITTERS.

In that wholesome elixir the alcoholic element, which is the purest derivable from any source, is tempered by the choicest tonic, aperient, anti-bilious, and anti-febrile vegetable extracts and juices. To strengthen, recruit, solace, and purify the system is the mission of the great vegetable specific. When the stomach is in a healthy state, the bile flows regularly, the bowels perform their office properly, and the telegraphic fibres of the nervous system are in perfect working order; an enormous amount of labor can be borne without risk or inconvenience, and the direct effect of the Bitters is to promote this vigorous condition of the functions upon which the nourishment of the body and its power of endurance mainly depend. The great tonic and alterative is, therefore, emphatically recommended, for its remarkable strengthening properties, to all upon whom the responsibilities of life press heavily, and who feel like fainting under the burden. A lively appetite, a splendid digestion, elastic spirits, and a marvelous ability to withstand fatigue are among the blessings justly ascribed to the renovating operation of this palatable and powerful cordial; and as a spring and summer alterative, there is nothing in the *materia medica* that can be compared with it.

Self-Lighting Kerosene Lamps.

Patented January 25, 1870.

Pronounced to be one of the most remarkable inventions since the Electric Telegraph. Kerosene Lamps of all kinds may be instantaneously lighted *without the application of Fire* or removing the glass chimney, and perfect safety guaranteed. Price of automatic tops to fit all Lamps now in use, $1 25 each, or six for $6 00, sent on receipt of the amount. If for old Lamps, state width of wicks now in use. Discounts to the trade.

Automatic Lamp Works,
232 PEARL ST., NEW YORK.

A limited number of State and County rights for sale. As the Self-Lighting Burner will certainly supersede all others in use, a competence may be realized in every populous locality. Agents wanted.

EMPLOYMENT.—Light, Pleasant, and Profitable. A sure way to make money, selling popular books. Enclose stamp for terms.
S. R. WELLS, 389 Broadway, N. Y.

W. D. WILSON & CO., 327 Pearl St., N. Y., furnish Printing Ink for *Harper's Weekly* and *Bazar*.

The New Books of the Spring,

PUBLISHED BY

HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

☞ *Sent by Mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.*

THE LIFE OF COUNT BISMARCK, Private and Political. With Descriptive Notices of his Ancestry. By Dr. GEORGE HESEKIEL. Translated and Edited, with an Introduction, Explanatory Notes, and Appendices, by KENNETH R. H. MACKENZIE, F.S.A., F.A.S.L. With upward of 100 Illustrations. 8vo, Cloth, $3 00.

MEMOIR OF THE REV. JOHN SCUDDER, M.D., Thirty-six Years Missionary in India. By Rev. J. B. WATERBURY, D.D. With Portrait of Dr. Scudder. 12mo, Cloth, $1 75.

BAFFLED; or, Michael Brand's Wrong. A Novel. By JULIA GODDARD, Author of "Joyce Dormer's Story," "The Search for the Gral," &c. Illustrated. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents.

TOM BROWN'S SCHOOL DAYS. By AN OLD BOY. New Edition. With numerous Illustrations by Arthur Hughes and Sidney Prior Hall. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

SELF-HELP; with Illustrations of Character, Conduct, and Perseverance. By SAMUEL SMILES, Author of "The Life of the Stephensons," "History of the Huguenots," &c. A Revised and Enlarged Edition. 12mo, Cloth, $1 00.

BAZAR BOOK OF DECORUM. The Care of the Person, Manners, Etiquette, and Ceremonials. 16mo, Toned Paper, Cloth, Beveled Edges, $1 00.

DEBENHAM'S VOW. A Novel. By AMELIA B. EDWARDS, Author of "Barbara's History," "Half a Million of Money," "Miss Carew," &c., &c. Illustrated. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents.

AMERICAN CIVIL WAR. History of the American Civil War. By JOHN W. DRAPER, M.D., LL.D., Professor of Chemistry and Physiology in the University of New York. In Three Vols. *Vol. III. just ready.* 8vo, Cloth, $3 50 per vol.

A BRAVE LADY. By the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," &c. With Illustrations. 8vo, Paper, $1 00; Cloth, $1 50.

CYCLOPÆDIA OF BIBLICAL, THEOLOGICAL, AND ECCLESIASTICAL LITERATURE. By Rev. JOHN M'CLINTOCK, D.D., and JAMES STRONG, S.T.D. With Maps and numerous Illustrations. To be completed in about Six Volumes, Royal 8vo, of about One Thousand Pages each. Vols. I., II., and III., comprising the Letters A to G, are now ready. The remaining Volumes are in progress. Price, per Volume, Cloth, $5 00; Sheep, $6 00; Half Morocco, $8 00.

SKETCHES OF CREATION: a Popular View of some of the Grand Conclusions of the Sciences in reference to the History of Matter and of Life. Together with a Statement of the Intimations of Science respecting the Primordial Condition and the Ultimate Destiny of the Earth and the Solar System. By ALEXANDER WINCHELL, LL.D., Professor of Geology, Zoology, and Botany in the University of Michigan, and Director of the State Geological Survey. With Illustrations. 12mo, Cloth, $2 00.

THE UNKIND WORD, and Other Stories. By the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," &c., &c. 12mo, Cloth, $1 50.

THE ANDES AND THE AMAZON; or, Across the Continent of South America. By JAMES ORTON, M.A., Professor of Natural History in Vassar College, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., and Corresponding Member of the Academy of Natural Sciences, Philadelphia. With a New Map of Equatorial America and numerous Illustrations. Crown 8vo, Cloth, $2 00.

JOURNAL OF THE PRINCE OF WALES'S VISIT TO THE EAST. Journal of a Visit to Egypt, Constantinople, the Crimea, Greece, &c., in the Suite of the Prince and Princess of Wales. By the Hon. Mrs. WILLIAM GREY. 12mo, Cloth, $1 50.

GARIBALDI'S NOVEL. The Rule of the Monk; or, Rome in the Nineteenth Century. By General GARIBALDI. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

TENNYSON'S COMPLETE POEMS. With numerous Illustrations and Three Characteristic Portraits. New Edition, containing several Poems not hitherto included in the collected editions of his writings, and with the Idyls of the King arranged in the order indicated by the Author. *35th Thousand.* 8vo, Paper, 50 cents; Cloth, $1 00.

HARPER'S HAND-BOOK OF FOREIGN TRAVEL.

HARPER'S HAND-BOOK FOR TRAVELLERS IN EUROPE AND THE EAST. Being a Guide through France, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Austria, Italy, Egypt, Syria, Turkey, Greece, Switzerland, Tyrol, Russia, Denmark, Sweden, Spain, and Great Britain and Ireland. With a Railroad Map corrected up to 1869. By W. PEMBROKE FETRIDGE. Revised Edition: Eighth Year. Large 12mo, Leather, Pocket-Book Form, $7 50.

HARPER'S PHRASE-BOOK.

HARPER'S PHRASE-BOOK; or, Hand-Book of Travel Talk for Travellers and Schools. Being a Guide to Conversations in English, French, German, and Italian, on a new and Improved Method. Intended to accompany "Harper's Hand-Book for Travellers." By W. PEMBROKE FETRIDGE. Assisted by Professors of Heidelberg University. With concise and explicit Rules for the Pronunciation of the different Languages. Square 4to, Flexible Cloth, $1 50.

HARPER & BROTHERS will send the above works by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.

ALUMINIUM-GOLD HUNTING-CASE

Watches received a Gold Medal at the Paris Exhibition for the exact resemblance to 18-carat gold watches. The Aluminium Gold is different from any composition offered heretofore to the public. The movements are all full jeweled and fully warranted for time. The cases guaranteed to retain the exact appearance of 18-carat gold until worn out. Ladies' and Gentlemen's Patent Levers, $15 and $20; extra fine finish, $25. Chains of the most approved styles, from $3 to $10 each. Expressed every where. Customers allowed to examine what they order on paying the express charges only to the express agent. Clubs of 6 obtain an extra watch free. HENRY GUY & CO., Sole Agents for the United States, No. 78 Nassau Street, N. Y.

MODEL HOUSES!—Are you going to build? Descriptive circulars of Plans, Views, &c., sent free. Address GEO. J. COLBY, Architect, Waterbury, Vt.

NEW BOOK.—Agents sell 100 per week. Price $5. Address L. STEBBINS, Hartford, Ct.

REMOVAL.

S. W. GEERY & CO. will remove to southeast corner of 34th Street and Broadway, 1st of May.
Importers and Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Teas, Wines, Cigars, and

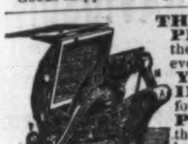
CHOICE FAMILY GROCERIES,

Formerly I. & W. Geery, Established in 1804. No. 719 Broadway, New York.

The selection of Choice Teas and Old Wines has been the special business of this house for years.

Constantly on hand, a full assortment of every thing appertaining to the Grocery Trade. Catalogues sent by mail. Orders will be called for (in the city) every morning, if desired.

Goods shipped to all parts of the country.



THE NOVELTY JOB PRINTING-PRESS is the best and cheapest press ever made with which to **DO YOUR OWN PRINTING**, and is second to none for the use of **General Job Printers.** Incomparably the best present that could be made to a boy or girl. **Price of Presses, $15, $30, $32, $50.** Send for full Circular, with testimonials and specimens of type and printing, to **BENJ. O. WOODS**, Manufacturer, 351 Federal St., Boston, Mass., or to C. C. THURSTON, 16 College Place, New York; KELLY, HOWELL, & LUDWIG, 917 Market St., Philadelphia, Pa.; A. C. KELLOGG, 68 West Van Buren St., Chicago, Ill. "The press gives entire satisfaction."—*J. A. Walker, Pensacola, Fla.* "Equal to any other press in its ability to do good work."—*American Union, Macon, Ga.* "Has supplied that long-felt want—a simple, strong, well-finished, and low-priced press."—*John Cussons, Glen Allen, Va.* "It does all that it is promised to do."—*Enterprise, McMinnville, Tenn.*

ENOCH MORGAN'S SONS'

SAPOLIO

CLEANS,
POLISHES,
AND IS
CHEAPER & BETTER
THAN SOAP.

Depot, 211 *Washington Street, New York.*

BOOSEY'S FIFTY-CENT OPERAS for the piano-forte, solo, complete, with overture, &c., 48 to 80 pages, fifty cents each:—Der Freischutz, Figaro, William Tell, Grand Duchess, Norma, Crown Diamonds, Masanielo, Domino Noir, Fidelio, Sonnambula, Don Pasquale, Lucrezia, Martha, Zampa, Robert le Diable, Don Juan, Barber of Seville, Crispino, Ballo in Maschera, Trovatore, Traviata, &c. To be had of all music and book sellers. Catalogues free.
BOOSEY & CO., No. 4 Bond St., N. Y.
Removed from 644 Broadway.

HARTSHORN'S
PATENT

Shade Rollers.

NO CORDS OR BALANCES USED.

FOR WINDOWS, AWNINGS, CARRIAGES, ETC.

For sale by all upholsterers. The trade are invited to send for models and price-lists. Orders filled only through the trade.

STEWART HARTSHORN,
Manufacturer, 62 Centre St., New York.

Use None but
TRADE
MARK
OX AND
SHEEP
THE BEST!!

SOUPS AND BEEF TEA FOR THE MILLION.

Strengthening Nourishment! Economy in Housekeeping!! LIEBIG'S COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT, the same that received the highest prizes at Paris, Havre, and Amsterdam, and that is supplied to the British, French, Russian, Prussian, and other Governments. None genuine without the signatures of Baron Liebig, the inventor, and of Dr. Max Von Pettenkofer, delegate, on every jar.

J. MILHAU'S SONS, Company's Agents, 183 Broadway, New York. For sale every where.

$6. WATCHES. $8.

OUR SPECIALTY.—*Silveride Watches*, in hunting cases, elegantly engraved, that will always resemble silver, "of which they are the best imitation ever produced." With fine full-jeweled movements, accurate time-keepers, and are warranted in every respect. *Our Gold Composite Watches*, a perfect fac-simile of 18-carat gold, in hunting cases, richly embellished, and warranted to always retain their present color, for $8, *all sizes.* Send for our price-list and descriptive catalogue. Persons at a distance desiring to save express charges can have their Watches forwarded safely by mail by remitting 40 cents additional to prepay postage.—LOCKWOOD & ROGERS, Importers and Dealers in Watches, No. 197 Broadway, New York.

FURNITURE of every description, and Hard Wood Doors, Mantels, Mirror Frames and Wainscotting on hand, or made to order, at reasonable prices. G. L. & J. B. KELTY & CO., Importers and Manufacturers, 661 Broadway, New York.

Curtain Store at 447 Broadway, near Howard St.

DRAWING INSTRUMENTS,

Such as Dividers, Pens, Bow Pens, Protractors, and Scales, at very reduced prices. Also, Transits, Compasses, Microscopes, Spy-Glasses, Steel Tape Measures, &c.

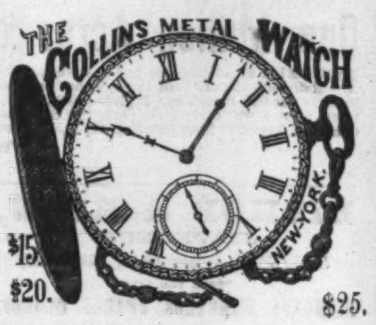
A priced Catalogue sent on receipt of Ten cents.
W. Y. McALLISTER,
728 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

JAPANESE
CORN
FILE

Removes Corns without pain. 25 cts. Sold at Drug and Shoe Stores. E. H. BERTRAM, 34 Pine St., N. Y.

AGENTS WANTED—SAMPLES FREE.—$30 TO $60 per week guaranteed to either sex. Goods new, and as staple as flour. Send 6c. for return postage.
D. S. LININGTON, 88 South Halsted St., Chicago.

JOHN FOGGAN, 79 Nassau St., N.Y., Importer and Manufacturer of the Genuine Improved Oroide-Gold Hunting-Case Watches. Wholesale and Retail. Send for descriptive circular, with enclosed stamp.



The celebrated IMITATION GOLD HUNTING WATCHES, "Collins Metal" (Improved Oroide).—These justly-celebrated Watches have been so thoroughly tested during the last four years, and their reputation for time and as imitations of Gold Watches is so well established as to require no recommendations. Prices:—Full-Jeweled Patent Levers, $15, equal in appearance and for time to gold ones costing $150. Those of extra fine finish, $20, equal to $200 gold ones. We are also making an extra heavy and extra fine watch, full-jeweled patent lever, equaling in appearance a $250 gold watch. For these magnificent watches we charge only $25. All our watches fully guaranteed by special certificate. All our watches are in hunting cases, gents' and ladies' sizes. Chains, Collins Metal, $2 to $8. Also, all kinds of Jewelry, equal to gold, at one-tenth the price.

The Collins Metal is the best imitation of gold we have seen.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

The goods of C. E. Collins & Co. have invariably given satisfaction.—*N. Y. Times.*

One of the $20 Watches is worn in our office, and we have no hesitation in recommending them.—*Pomeroy's Democrat.*

TO CLUBS.—Where Six watches are ordered at one time, we send a Seventh watch free. Goods sent by express to all parts of the United States, to be paid for on delivery.

C. E. COLLINS & CO., No. 335 Broadway, New York.

REMEDY FOR PIMPLES.

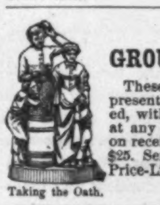
To all who desire it the undersigned will mail (free), on receipt of 6c. stamp, the recipe and full directions for preparing and using a *Genuine Vegetable Balm* that will immediately remove *Pimples, Freckles, Blotches, Tan, Black-Worms*, and all eruptions and impurities of the skin, leaving the same clear, with a healthy glow.

He will also send (free) *instructions* for producing a growth of hair on a bald head or smooth face.

The above can be obtained by return mail, by addressing F. W. TRUER, Chemist,
113 Broadway, New York.

A GREAT OFFER.

HORACE WATERS, No. 481 Broadway, N. Y.,
Will dispose of ONE HUNDRED PIANOS, MELODEONS, and ORGANS, of six first-class makers, at **extremely low prices for Cash during this month,** or will take from $5 to $25 monthly until paid; the same to let, and rent money applied if purchased. Chickering Pianos are included in the above offer.



Taking the Oath.

ROGERS'

GROUPS OF STATUARY.

These groups, suitable for wedding presents or ornament, will be delivered, with all express charges prepaid, at any point east of the Mississippi, on receipt of the price, viz., from $10 to $25. Send for illustrated Catalogue and Price-List, to JOHN ROGERS,
212 Fifth Ave., New York.

EVERY MAN HIS OWN PRINTER.

With one of our presses, and the material accompanying it, every man can do his own printing, thus saving much time and expense. Circulars containing full information about these Presses, prices, recommendations, &c., mailed free on application. Specimen-books of types, cuts, borders, &c., &c., 10 cents.
ADAMS PRESS CO., 53 Murray Street, New York.

ORIENTAL MOTH POWDER

Preserves Carpets and all woolen goods from moths or other insects. Can also be used as a *sachet perfume.* Sample package sent by mail on receipt of 50 cts. C. B. WOODWORTH & SON, Rochester, N. Y.

HINKLEY KNITTING MACHINE

FOR FAMILY USE—*simple, cheap, reliable.* Knits Every thing. AGENTS WANTED. Circular and sample stocking FREE. Address HINKLEY KNITTING MACHINE CO., Bath, Me., or 176 Broadway, N. Y.

$200 per Month guaranteed. Agents wanted in every County in the U. S., to sell Buck's Burglar Alarm. Price $5. Sells on sight. Address G. H. BECKER & CO., 482 North 3d St., Philad'a, Pa.

A GREAT CHANCE FOR AGENTS! $75 to $200 a month. We want to employ a good agent in every County in the U. S., on commission or salary, to introduce our *World-Renowned Patent White-Wire Clothes Lines;* will last 100 years. If you want profitable and pleasant employment, address Hudson River Wire Co., 75 *William St., N. Y., or 16 Dearborn St., Chicago.*

$50 A WEEK paid Agents in *advance.* Address WELLMAN & CO.,
Lansing, Mich.

$20 PRIZE to every $3 Subscriber! Samples *free.* WESTERN WORLD, New York.

BIG PROFITS to Agents on a new Illustrated Book. Send stamp for circulars.
J. B. BURR & CO., Hartford, Conn.

EVERY
MERCHANT
AND
MANUFACTURER
can be his own
STENCIL CUTTER,
and save three quarters of the present cost of his Stencils, by the use of
METCALF'S
STENCIL DIES.
☞ Send for Circulars.
L. S. METCALF, Manufacturer of Stencil Tools and Stock,
101 Union St., Boston, Mass.

AGENTS WANTED.

We wish an Agent in every town to sell a new book wanted in every family, and recommended by the leading papers of the country. One Agent lately reports 34 orders in a day. One lady says: "I have sold 100 copies in the last three weeks, and attended to my own house work." We received an order this week from a Lady Agent for 775 copies. There is money in this book. Send for private circular.

W. J. HOLLAND & CO.,
Springfield, Mass. Chicago, Ill.

WANTED—Agents to sell a *thoroughly good domestic article*, wanted in every family. No competition. Exclusive territory given. Business very pleasant. Agents have sold 3 doz., netting $30 profit per day. One sold 350 in a small town, another 1000 in 5 towns, another 31 in calling on 33 families. Cost of outfit, $3. No danger of imposition. Best of references given. Send for circular, to 102 Washington Street, Boston, Mass. LITTLEFIELD & DAME.

DIABETIC FLOUR.

Prepared Flour of Bran, for making Biscuit for the Diabetic and Dyspeptic.
JOHN W. SHEDDEN, Pharmacist,
363 Bowery, Corner 4th St., New York.

MITCHELL'S COMBINATION KEROSENE COOKING STOVE.—Only One Cent to cook your breakfast. Send for descriptive circular. State and county rights for sale.
R. B. MITCHELL, Chicago, Ill.

VINEGAR.—HOW MADE FROM CIDER, WINE, Molasses, or Sorghum, in 10 hours, without using drugs. For circulars, address F. I. SAGE, Vinegar Maker, Cromwell, Conn.

$100 to $250 *per Month guaranteed. Sure pay.* Wages paid weekly to Agents every where, selling our *Patent Silver-Mould White-Wire Clothes Lines.* Business permanent. For full particulars, address Girard Wire Mills, Philadelphia, Pa.

$25 A DAY! 40 new articles for Agents. Samples sent *free.* H. B. SHAW, Alfred, Me.

WATCH free and **$30** a day sure, and no humbug. Address LATTA & CO., Pittsburgh, Pa.

$60 A WEEK paid agents in a new business. Address SACO NOVELTY CO., Saco, Me.

STEEL SHIRT COLLAR, superbly enameled white (English), 50c.; American, *Snow White*, $1. Mailed on receipt of price. HENRY GUY, 78 Nassau St.

$250 a Month, with Stencil and Key-Check Dies. Don't fail to secure Circular and Samples, free. Address S. M. Spencer, Brattleboro, Vt.

$20 A DAY! Business new. For circulars and samples, address J. C. RAND & CO., Biddeford, Me.

Minnesota in 1870. State, Counties, Towns. 300 pp. $1 25 by mail; map, 50c. J. W. McClung, St. Paul.

Decalcomanie, or Transfer Pictures. Send for Catalogue. *W. Atkinson & Co.*, 1270 Br'dw'y, N. Y.

HARPER & BROTHERS
Have in Press:

PUT YOURSELF IN HIS PLACE.

By CHARLES READE,

Author of "Hard Cash," "Griffith Gaunt," "Never Too Late to Mend," "White Lies," &c., &c.

From the Author's Early Sheets,
FOR SIMULTANEOUS PUBLICATION,
By Arrangement with Messrs. SHELDON & CO.

ELEGANTLY PRINTED ON SUPERFINE PAPER.

HARPER'S OCTAVO EDITION of "Put Yourself in His Place." With all the Illustrations, including the characteristic Vignettes not to be found in any other American edition. Paper, 75 cents; *bound in Cloth,* $1 25.

HARPER'S DUODECIMO EDITION of "Put Yourself in His Place." Uniform with the Boston Household Edition of Charles Reade's Novels, and bound in Green-Morocco Englisn Cloth, to match that edition. Price One Dollar.

☞ *Sent by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.*

HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

THE PERIODICALS WHICH THE HARPERS PUBLISH ARE ALMOST IDEALLY WELL EDITED.—The Nation, N. Y.

"A complete Pictorial History of the Times."

Harper's Weekly.

Harper's Weekly is an illustrated record of, and a commentary upon all the important events of the time. Due attention is also given to topics of especial and local interest. The best artists in the country are constantly engaged in the department of Illustration, and the Publishers are also largely indebted to photographers in all the large cities of America, Europe, and the East for prompt and valuable contributions.

As a Literary Journal, Harper's Weekly is recognized as the only illustrated newspaper which has ever succeeded in establishing and maintaining a claim to pre-eminence.

The Editorial matter of Harper's Weekly constitutes one of its most prominent features; it includes weekly articles upon National Politics, Finance, Commerce, and Miscellaneous topics.

Published Weekly, with profuse Illustrations.

The young lady who buys a single number of Harper's Bazar is made a subscriber for life.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

Harper's Bazar.

A REPOSITORY OF

FASHION, PLEASURE, AND INSTRUCTION.

Harper's Bazar has gained a success the most rapid and wonderful ever known in the annals of journalism, and is recognized as the best and most attractive family paper ever issued. As an illustrated chronicler of Fashion it is without a rival in this country. By a special arrangement, involving great expense, with the publishers of the Berlin *Bazar*—the leading journal of fashion in Europe—its fashion-plates are published in New York simultaneously with their appearance in Berlin and Paris.

A large portion of the Bazar is every week devoted to instructive and entertaining reading-matter—Stories, Poems, Biographical Sketches, and Gossip. The Editorial articles are always spicy, and cover every topic of social interest. No effort and no expense will be spared to permanently secure for this journal the victory which it has won so rapidly, and which it so well deserves.

We have made arrangements to supply the readers of the Bazar with cut paper Patterns of the beautiful single Costumes which we give from time to time outside our Supplement, and which are prepared by the best Parisian dressmakers, in conjunction with good artists, with a view to making fashions truly artistic. These patterns, so carefully adjusted that they can be used by the most inexperienced, will be sent by mail, prepaid, on the receipt of Twenty-five Cents for the entire costume. Newsdealers supplied at the usual discount.

In the Bazar for April 16 was commenced "*The Cryptogram,*" a serial story of thrilling interest, by the Author of "Cord and Creese," "The Dodge Club," &c., profusely illustrated.

Published Weekly, with profuse Illustrations.

The most popular Monthly in the world.—*N. Y. Observer.*

The Best Monthly Periodical, not in this country alone, but in the English language.—*The Press*, Phila.

Harper's Magazine.

The May Number completes the *Fortieth Vol.* of Harper's Magazine. Its success hitherto—unrivaled by that of any other monthly periodical in Europe or America—has been due to the popular character and variety of its contents; to the enterprise of its Publishers in securing for its pages, at any cost, the best literary contributions of English and American writers; to its profusely-illustrated articles of Travel and Exploration; to the promptness, authenticity, and popular treatment of its papers upon scientific subjects, upon the mechanical improvements of the age, and upon current topics; and to the variety and interest of its special Editorial Departments—to which recently a new one has been added, viz., the Monthly Scientific Record. The elements upon which the past success of the Magazine has depended will still continue to be its leading characteristics; and its Publishers are confident that with increased attention to the wants of the reading public they will be able to enhance even its present popularity.

Harper's Magazine contains from fifty to one hundred per cent. more matter than any similar periodical issued in the English language. Thus the ample space at the disposal of its Publishers will enable them to treat fully of all the topics embraced in their plan.

Published Monthly, with profuse Illustrations.

TERMS for HARPER'S MAGAZINE, WEEKLY, and BAZAR.

Harper's Magazine,	One Year......	$4 00
Harper's Weekly,	One Year......	4 00
Harper's Bazar,	One Year......	4 00

Harper's Magazine, Harper's Weekly, and Harper's Bazar, to one address, for one year, $10 00; or any two for $7 00.

The Postage within the United States is for the Magazine 24 cents a year, for the Weekly or Bazar 20 cents a year, payable yearly, semi-yearly, or quarterly, at the office where received. Subscriptions from the Dominion of Canada must be accompanied with 24 cents additional for the Magazine, or 20 cents for the Weekly or Bazar, to prepay the United States postage.

The Volumes of the Magazine commence with the Numbers for June and December of each year. Subscriptions may commence with any Number. When no time is specified, it will be understood that the subscriber wishes to begin with the first Number of the current Volume, and back Numbers will be sent accordingly.

The Volumes of the Weekly and Bazar commence with the year. When no time is specified, it will be understood that the subscriber wishes to commence with the Number next after the receipt of his order.

When the subscriber's address is to be changed, both the old and new one must be given. It is not necessary to give notice of discontinuance.

In remitting by mail, a Post-Office Order or Draft payable to the order of Harper & Brothers is preferable to Bank Notes, since, should the Order or Draft be lost or stolen, it can be renewed without loss to the sender.

Terms for Advertising in Harper's Periodicals.

Harper's Magazine.—Whole Page, $250; Half Page, $125; Quarter Page, $70—each insertion; or, for a less space, $1 50 per Line, each insertion.

Harper's Weekly.—Inside Pages, $1 50 per Line; Outside Page, $2 00 per Line—each insertion.

Harper's Bazar.—$1 00 per Line; Cuts and Display, $1 25 per Line—each insertion.

Address HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.